

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## A LETTER.

WHERE were you when I suffered? My heart  
was very faint:

It wanted a heart to lean on; where was yours  
at the time?

I hope you were happy some where; I hope no  
passing taint

Of the chill air I was breathing troubled your  
softer clime.

Always I think about you, and I am afraid at  
night;

For before I dream I fancy, and my dreams  
are fancy-marred;

And I see you lying wounded, with your face  
upturned to the light,

And I cannot stoop to kiss it; and, oh, my  
dream is hard!

Last night I read and waited, there was but the  
light of the fire,

When I thought you stood behind me, and I  
dared not turn my head.

Why was my heart so poor as to shrink from its  
best desire?

I think you were here for a moment; but when  
I turned, you were fled.

Where were you at that moment? were you  
thinking of me?

Were you watching the turbans wind up the  
dry brown slope?

And when they reached the top, and you knew  
they looked at the sea,

Were you dreaming of England? had you an  
hour of hope?

O! that hope is so dreary! I have it always here;  
Whenever it plays me false, they tell me I

must not doubt;

But though we call it hope, it is only a mask for

fear;

And it never lets me rest, and I think it is  
wearing me out.

You will hardly know me again, I am grown so  
pale and thin;

I looked in the glass to-day, and my face is  
old and strange;

And I felt a pang of dread when they told me the  
mail was come in;

For I thought if you came home you would not  
like the change.

I suppose you are brown and fierce, and your  
eyes are ready to flash;

You walk erect and swift; you have always  
something to do.

Ah, you men are happy! you live with a burst  
and a dash;

Weeping wastes us away, but work ennobles  
you.

I am a pain in my home; they watch me with  
looks of distress;

Always they soften their tones when they ask  
me "Dear, will you go?"

And because I want them to smile, I often smile  
and say "Yes;"

But as the dance grows gay, I wish I had  
dared to say "No."

For I should not like, when we sit together, and  
talk, and trace

Our joy coming step by step through the gloom  
while you were away,

I should not like to see one doubt flit over your  
face:

"Perhaps she hardly missed me, her life was  
so light and gay."

Ah, a letter again! It brings no tidings to me.  
I have hardly the heart to look, and I feel too

tired to speak.

What, you are coming home! you are crossing  
the dear, kind sea!

You are rushing home to me now! I shall see  
your face in a week!

He is coming! where are you all? He is com-  
ing! do you not know?

See, I am kissing the words which I was  
afraid to read!

What are you saying, mother? why do you look  
at me so?

"Ten years younger," mother? Yes, I should  
think so indeed.

M. B. SMEDLEY.

Good Words.

"BEFORE the coal-fields are quite exhausted," says a writer in *Once a Week*, "there are hopes of our getting a new source of power. Sunlight is the force which is to drive our engines and turn our mills. Ericsson, whose name in connection with the caloric engine was a few years back a household word, has devised and made three prime movers which are impelled by direct solar heat, collected and concentrated. He has found that the heating power of the sun on an area of one hundred square feet is more than equivalent to the mechanical work derivable from a single horse. The engines are not all alike. One is impelled by steam generated in a sun-heated boiler, the others are driven by hot air. They have worked so far satisfactorily that possibly, by this time, bread has been made from flour ground in a solar mill. Ericsson, however, is not the only occupant of this field of invention. M. Mouchot claims to have spent many years in perfecting solar machines, to have patented one in 1861, and to have submitted another to the Emperor in 1866. His majesty could not see it work, though, for the weak point of such engines showed itself. The weather was bad; the sun would not shine, and the machine stood still. It was like a windmill in a calm or a watermill in a drought, and no worse than either; so we must not despise solar machines, because they won't keep working at the will of man without interruption."

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF  
GEORGE II.

## NO. VIII. — THE SAILOR.

THERE are few things which give so clear an idea of the multiplicity and diversity of life as the glimpses which history affords us of the different occupations carried on at the same moment by men belonging to the same age and educated under the same circumstances. No doubt the contrast continues through all periods, and becomes but greater as civilisation progresses; but yet the circumstances of life in the backwoods or in the bush, wherever our boys may have gone to carry on the conflict with external nature, are so softened by perpetual tidings of them, and by all the aids that science and knowledge can give, that it strikes the imagination less than in those days when the highest sophistications of artificial society at home were going on side by side with the most appalling struggles of primitive man amid the untamed winds and seas. In the eighteenth century science had not penetrated everywhere, inquisitive, yet beneficent, with the lamp which is never so blessed as when it lights up those blank wastes of land and water through which the wanderer of old had to grope his darkling way. And nothing can be more startling and abrupt, for instance, than the contrast between such an impersonation of his period as Horace Walpole and the man whose brief story we are about to tell. About the first we know almost everything that can be known—his “long lean” form stands in the very front of the stage, bepowdered, belaced, bescented, not unkind or unattractive in its way, a thing of velvet and embroidery and fine arts and good taste, with his hands full of pleasant dainty occupations, in which every *dilettante* (and we use the word with no scornful meaning) must feel a certain tenderness of sympathy. Yet to think that while he was writing his letters and collecting his anecdotes about kings and princes and ministers of state, and Patapan, his white dog—while he was unpacking his curiosities and hanging his pictures and building pasteboard Gothic at Strawberry, Anson, for his part, was going round Cape Horn! And that the two men might have shaken hands at some antiquated street-corner, not many months before, and

bidden each other a cheerful good-bye, with no particular sense of the difference between them! What a strange chaos would this world seem to any spectator, could we but come to knowledge of such, who had the power to watch its simultaneous scenes at a glance from some starry tower of observation or low-placed bastion of heaven.

Few men have come to such note as he did in his generation of whom there is so little to tell as of Anson, apart from the work which was his hour of revelation. About his origin and the preliminaries of his career we know not much more than we do about those of his ship—where she was built or what became of her, matters of little importance in comparison with what she, and what he, did in their moment of splendid service and action before the world. One small book, the scene of which is laid, not in the haunts of civilised men, but on the high seas and uninhabited islands of the Pacific, contains all our sailor's history, though it embraces only some three or four years of his life. Eleven big volumes are not enough for Horace, out of whose various editions, commentators, and critics, a whole library might be made. But we will not attempt to carry on the comparison. Anson was a sea-captain, evidently known to his superiors as a man worthy of trust, but not otherwise remarkable, when he was chosen to head the squadron which made him famous. He was “of a family at that time new and obscure,” says Lord Mahon, “nor had he the advantage of distinguished talents. After his expedition it used to be said of him that he had been round the world but never in it; he was dull and unready on land, slow in business and sparing of speech.” A silent unexpansive man, thinking much and saying little, able to keep his own counsel, maturing slowly in his mind plans which no urgent need of sympathy in his nature tempted him to reveal prematurely: with a silent sense in him—disclosed not by words but by accidental indications of fact—of the beauty and splendour of nature, such as belonged to few men in his time: and with a steady force of resolution and modest undemonstrative valour which no difficulties could appal. Such is the aspect in which he ap-

pears to us dimly to do his work; not him but his work being the notable, ever-memorable thing. It is on the standing-ground of this achievement alone that Anson has any right to a place in the chronicles of his country. But to be beyond all rivalry in a nation like England, identified with naval adventure and the supremacy of the seas, the sailor of the age, is no small distinction. During the same period there is no English general whom we can identify as its soldier. Marlborough was over; Wellington was not begun. A crowd of incapable second or third rate commanders were doing what they could—as they have done more or less in all ages—to neutralise the steadfast valour of British soldiers. They gained us a defeat at Fontenoy, glorious, it is true, but no thanks to them; they made the army contemptible in Scotland; they did what they could to reduce its prestige everywhere. But in this unheroic age one man did vindicate for the sister profession its old laurels, and leave a tradition upon which the great seamen of another generation could be formed. He stands between Drake and Nelson, uniting in his sober person something of the romance of individual adventure impersonated in the former, with something of the legitimate warfare and national importance of the other. On him fell the splendid mantle of the adventurers of Elizabeth's time, though his unobtrusive figure bears little resemblance to theirs. While all the other public officers of England were wasting the public money upon unsuccessful expeditions and untrustworthy allies, Anson alone spoiled the enemy. The Spanish galleon, golden romance of merchandise, once familiar to the British imagination, rose again under his sober touch into a wealthy reality before the country's astonished eyes. The South Seas had but recently shaken the whole fabric of society in this island, and made the very kingdom totter. It was a sordid tragedy when played in Change Alley; but it took to itself a noble human investiture when carried out in a second exciting chapter amid the fairy islands and awful rocks of the Southern Seas.

For, in fact, Anson's expedition was but the *dénouement* and climax of the strange national whirlwind which had rapt England

out of its senses, and all but destroyed its credit and mercantile standing in the world twenty years before. The South Sea Company, as has been already described in these sketches, had gained at this terrible price the privilege of sending one ship a-year to the supposed golden coasts of South America. Trade, which then as always was apt to have confused ideas of truth and honour, did what it could to *exploiter* to the best of its crafty powers this grudging concession; and as the best means of doing so, sent its one ship, attended by a little fleet of smaller vessels, the office of which was to throw in endless contributions of their own cargo as the freight of the first became exhausted, converting the never-emptying hold of the privileged ship into a kind of inexhaustible Widow's cruse. The Spaniards became suspicious of this trick, as was natural. And when a Spanish ship, bigger and stronger than she, encountered on the high seas the seeming innocence of a little English trader, it is not wonderful, perhaps, that questions should be asked in an unamiable way and with disagreeable results.

Sea-captains, possessed or possessing themselves of an amateur right of search, are not distinguished for a gentle use of it, whatever their nation may be; and Spanish sea-captains, if tradition speaks truly—tradition which even in very recent times has been awkwardly justified—were exceptionally arrogant and cruel. About halfway between the explosion of the South Sea Company and the setting out of Anson's expedition—the opening and concluding acts of the drama—in the year 1731 a certain skipper, named Jenkins, master of the *Rebecca*, was met at sea and overhauled by a Spanish *guarda-costa*. As he had nothing contraband on board which could be seized, the unfortunate himself was laid hold upon by the spiteful visitors. They nearly hanged him, frightened him to death, and at last tore off his ear. "Carry that to your king and tell him of it," cried the insolent tyrants throwing it at him. Bleeding and furious the poor man made his way to England, and, "with his owners," hurried out to Hampton Court to lay the facts before the Duke of Newcastle. But Walpole was at the height of his pacific reign, and the Ministry had no desire to be

made acquainted with facts which might disturb the peace of the nation. Poor Jenkins carried his ear away with him and exhibited it in the clubs, and had it written about in newspapers. The story became a historical matter, and rankled slowly in the national mind. Eight years after, when the country was tired of peace, and Walpole's opponents were vigorous enough to take the field against him, Jenkins's ear suddenly sprung into sight and worked England up into fury. The events thus fall into each other with a logic rarely to be found in matters of fact. The South Sea Company dishonestly abused the privilege (such as it was) of sending one ship a-year to South America. The Spaniards, seizing the first small stray that came in their way, avenged this big dishonesty on Jenkins, innocent victim, who had nothing to do with the matter. And so it came about that the English nation, feeling one of its Bersekar impulses of battle coming on, blazed up into a sudden explosion of long-smouldering wrath, and declared war with Spain. The first, and, as it happened, last step taken in the matter was the sending forth of two naval expeditions; one with much flourish of trumpets and immense paraphernalia of war under Admiral Vernon, which came to miserable failure and ruin. The other, small, badly manned, neglected in all its preliminaries, which was to brighten to its pristine glory the naval renown of England, and add, perhaps, the only fresh and genuine laurel produced by the generation to the national crown.

"The Jenkins-ear question," says Carlyle, in one of those wonderful vivid glances across the mists of history which give his works their greatest charm, "which then looked so mad to everybody, how sane has it now grown! In abstruse ludicrous form there lay immense questions involved in it which were curious enough, certain enough, though invisible to everybody. Half the world lay hidden in embryo under it. Colonial Empire, whose is it to be? Shall half the world be England's for industrial purposes, which is innocent, laudable, conformable to the multiplication-table at least and other plain laws? or shall it be Spain's for arrogant-torpid, sham-devotional purposes, contradictory to every law? The incalculable Yankee nation itself, biggest phenomenon (once thought beautifullest) of these ages, this too,

little as careless readers on either side of the sea now know it, lay involved. Shall there be a Yankee nation, shall there not be? Shall the new world be of Spanish type, or shall it be of English? Issues which we may call immense."

Of such issues Anson knew nothing, nor thought. His own conception of his mission is set forth with much straightforward perspicuity and absence of pretence by Mr. Walter, his Chaplain, and the compiler of his narrative. "When it was foreseen that a war with Spain was inevitable, it was the opinion of some considerable persons then charged with the administration of affairs that the most prudent step the nation could take on the breaking out of the war was attacking that Crown in her distant settlements, for by this means it was supposed that we should cut off the principal resources of the enemy, and should reduce them to the necessity of sincerely desiring a peace, as they would thereby be deprived of the returns of that treasure by which alone they could be enabled to carry on a war."

Such was the cause and such the objects, conscious and unconscious, of Anson's expedition. To molest the Spaniard, steal his treasures, disperse his ships, acquire if possible a standing-ground on those golden shores from whence future expeditions might operate, and avenge the national honour which had been outraged. He had other intentions in his private mind besides; — a little science, beneficent sailor-thoughts of tracking out the pathless waters on the other side of the world, and leaving a clear road for those who should come after him — and floating dreams, perhaps, of the golden galleons which might make a man's fortune all in the way of his duty; but duty and obedience to orders first of all — the usual complication of motives which are present in every human enterprise, and link on every individual work by its sides and corners to the general plan of life.

The squadron sailed eight months later than had been intended, according to English use and wont, and in such an imperfect state of preparation as proves the unity of the official mind in all ages and circumstances. It had been intended that the expedition should be strengthened by a considerable body of effective soldiers — "Col-

onel Bland's regiment, and three independent companies of one hundred men each." But when the moment of embarkment came, Anson found that this fine promise of land-forces had been transmuted into "five hundred invalids to be collected from the out-pensioners of Chelsea College." No wonder that he was "greatly chagrined at having such a decrepid detachment allotted to him," all the more, no doubt — though of this the historian tells us nothing — that Sir Chaloner Ogle's expedition — "twenty-five big ships of the line, with three half regiments on board; fireships, bombketches in abundance, and eighty transports, with six thousand drilled marines," going out to Jamaica to Vernon, to perish and come to nothing before Carthage — was getting ready by his side, and snatching all the good things in the way of men from his very mouth. His vehement remonstrances, even though backed by those of Sir Charles Wager, a lord of the Admiralty, had no effect. The pensioners were "the properest men that could be employed," was the judgment of certain "persons who were supposed to be better judges of soldiers" than either of the Admirals, writes the Chaplain, with suppressed indignation. The invalids themselves, however, were of Anson's mind. "All those who had limbs and strength to walk out of Portsmouth deserted, leaving behind them only such as were literally invalids, most of them being sixty years of age, and some of them upwards of seventy." Two hundred and fifty-nine of these unhappy victims of officialism came sadly on board the ship, Anson and his sailors no doubt standing by with disgust and pity. "It is difficult," says the sympathetic Chaplain, "to conceive a more moving scene than the embarkation of these unhappy veterans; they were themselves extremely averse to the service they were engaged in, and fully apprised of all the dangers they were afterwards exposed to; the apprehensions of which were strongly marked by the concern that appeared in their countenances, which was mixed with no small degree of indignation to be thus hurried from their repose into a fatiguing employ to which neither the strength of their bodies nor the vigour of their minds were any ways proportioned, and where, without seeing the face of an enemy, or in the least promoting the success of the enterprise, they would in all probability uselessly perish by lingering and painful diseases; and this too after they had spent the activity and strength of their youth in their country's service."

Nor was this all: his complement of

sailors was deficient by three hundred men, who were to be supplied to him at Portsmouth; but in place of these all he could muster, after a weary waiting of five or six months, was a hundred and seventy seamen, made up by some odd marines and other accidental auxiliaries. Thus retarded and thwarted at every point, he managed to sail at last, in September, 1740 (his instructions being dated January 31). His squadron consisted of his own ship, the Centurion, of sixty guns; the Gloucester, of fifty; the Severn, of fifty; the Pearl, of forty (these two were soon lost, and returned inglorious home); the Wager (which has a separate story of its own), of twenty-eight; and the little Trial sloop, of eight guns. This little cluster of vessels, with their imperfect crews and hollow-cheeked invalids, left Portsmouth, no doubt, with a glare of not ungenerous envy and high indignant mettle, at the "twenty-five big ships of the line," which were getting ready to go to their work the easy way, with every appliance for success, while this little devoted expedition went out to make a path for itself across the wildest waters known to man, at a bad season, and with everything against it. Not a word says the mild historian of any such contrast; had his record been the only one, we should never have known what a wealthy splendid squadron was preparing side by side with the Centurion and the Gloucester. Yet the reader may be permitted to imagine in such a case some sharper thrill of resolution, as he cast a last glance on the busy dockyards, darting through the Commodore's mind. To come home no worse, were least said, than these same brave gentlemen! let storm or foe do their worst to bring back to England some token of what a man can do when least supported by fortune and the great! He is silent, and lets fall never a word to tell us what was in his thoughts. But still it would be no wonder if that high stimulant of indignation, which is so often mixed in the cup of England's public servants, should have tingled through Anson's veins as he "tided" silently down the Channel, the wind already in his face, and his troubles begun. Had he known what the difference of the coming home would be, it might not, perhaps, have been so well for the discipline of his mind. But at this moment, at least, Vernon, a popular hero, had it all his own way.

And the very winds conspired with the Admiralty and its officials against the brave little squadron. Having been detained so long at home, their only hope of tolerable weather in rounding Cape Horn was that

they should be able to make up for lost time by speed at sea. On the contrary, they were forty days in reaching Madeira, a distance sometimes accomplished in ten or twelve, says the Chaplain, who pauses in his simple vivid story to describe that island and its excellent wines, "which seem to be designed by Providence for the refreshment of the inhabitants of the torrid zone," he says, with enthusiasm. Here they were slightly excited by a report of some strange squadron which had been seen at sea, and which was the Spanish fleet looking for them, full information having come of all their intentions. This fleet, however, never met the expedition of which it was in search. It drifted off into the great sea, into the storms, and came to destruction peaceably without any aid from Anson's guns. "The Spanish sailors, being for the most part accustomed to a fair-weather country, might be expected to be very averse to so dangerous and fatiguing a navigation," our Chaplain says, with insular complacency. His conviction, however, that the opposition between England and Spain is no thing of the moment, but an everlasting national feud, comes out in the simplest amusing way, though the fact was not the least amusing to him. It never seems to occur to him that an English ship is likely to visit these coasts with other than hostile intentions. And there is a certain Portuguese governor, Don José Sylva de Paz, of whom he writes as a 'Times' correspondent might write of an ill innkeeper, warning the British tourist against his house. This man not only ruled a port which geographers had declared to be healthy and convenient, but which the squadron found neither the one nor the other — a very sufficient ground of irritation — but secretly sent word to the Spaniard of the whereabouts of the English fleet. "The same perfidy every British cruiser may expect who touches at St. Catherine's, while it is under the government of Don José Sylva de Paz," cries our Chaplain, with a vehemence which has something strangely humorous and pathetic in it, as his voice comes hushed across the dead century. How little the risk of being betrayed to the Spaniard would alarm any British cruiser nowadays! Indeed, at this special juncture of affairs, every reference to the yet unfallen, yet powerful, sea-going empire, with its colonies and fabulous galleons, strikes one as the most curious sarcasm. Spain and England rivals for the dominion of half a world! By what wonderful magic of evil can that old noble

heroic country have come to be the insignificance it is?

This port of St. Catherine's on the coast of Brazil was the second station at which the squadron paused, and already its wants and imperfections were apparent. Sickness had appeared in the crowded ships. The Centurion alone sent eighty patients from its thronged and airless forecabin to the big hospital-tent established on shore, — patients rather increased than diminished in number by the moist heat of the climate and other local disadvantages. Then some deficiency was found in one of the ships, the little Trial, one of the stanchest of the squadron, which had sprung her masts and otherwise disabled herself. While the sick men were carried on shore to gain what equivocal advantage they could among the mosquitoes on the marshy coast, and a busy scene of industry arose in all the ships — the carpenter's hammer and the sailmaker's needle going from morning to night — the Commodore in painful impatience overlooked these necessary but ill-timed labours, counting the days till he could set sail. It was "near a month" before the Trial was ready — a month every day of which was paid for by the lives of the men, since every day delayed the passage of Cape Horn, the point to which all looked forward with alarm but too well founded. They should have been rounding that dangerous headland when they were leaving St. Catherine's, so far behind were they. And with hearts full of anxiety, and such fear as brave men need not blush to acknowledge, they set out at length, on the 18th of January, from the but half-friendly port. Twenty-eight graves at St. Catherine's had been filled from the Centurion's crew alone, and yet ninety-six sick were mournfully re-embarked to take their chances upon the bitter seas. The Commodore, however, was fully aware of the dangers he was about to encounter, and prepared for them with characteristic prudence. In case of misadventure happening to one, each ship had its distinct instructions. There was a trysting-place at St. Julian; another at the island of our Lady of Succour — much-needed patroness; another at Juan Fernandez, an isle which romance had already made her own. In the landlocked waters at St. Catherine's the little council of commanders calmly looked the facts in the face and braced themselves to their work. Then they went forward with their lives in their hands. The story sounds more like that of a blind man groping his precarious way through a district

full of snares and pitfalls, than of a daring British squadron traversing the subject seas. They went on sounding at every step; casting the lead, sometimes into measureless depths of ocean, sometimes in sixty, eighty, forty fathoms, the bottom varying as the depth did. All along the coast of Patagonia they proceeded in this cautious way, looking out with ever-growing anxiety for the worst, which was not yet reached. This caution was but half, if even so much as half, for themselves; they were groping for the good of England: making such sketches as their skill permitted, rectifying their charts, lighting up the seas with divine lights of safety for those who might follow. At St. Julian, close to the scene of sternest danger, the *Trial* is again in trouble with those unlucky masts, which are too lofty for the latitude, and have to be cut and hacked and mended, while the Commodore painfully restrains his impatience, and the Chaplain has leisure to find out about the wild horses and wild cattle, and the wonders of the lasso, there first displayed to curious eyes. And then once more the fated squadron is under way. Going softly *à tâtons*, feeling its way, ship by ship steals forward with a certain solemnity to that awful strait of Le Maire, which was to carry them into the scene of their mission. Between the bristling coast of Tierra del Fuego and the wild rocks of Staten Land lay this horrible ghostly passage. In those days men had not learned to love nature in her grand and gloomy aspects; and perhaps it would be hard at any time to expect from the sailor any enthusiasm of admiration for two awful lines of deadly cliff, and the gloomy channel between them. Tierra del Fuego, the Chaplain tells us, was "of a stupendous height, covered everywhere with snow;" and, on the other hand, "Staten Land far surpasses it in the wildness and horror of its appearance; seeming to be entirely composed of inaccessible rocks without the least mixture of earth or mould between them. These rocks terminate in a vast number of ragged points which spire up to a prodigious height, and are all of them covered with everlasting snow. The points themselves are on every side surrounded with frightful precipices, and often overhang in a most astonishing manner; and the hills which bear them are generally separated from each other by narrow clefts which appear as if the country had been frequently rent by earthquakes; for these chasms are nearly perpendicular, and extend through the substance of the main rocks almost to their very bottoms; so that nothing could be imagined more

savage and gloomy than the whole aspect of this coast."

Had this description been written to-day, no doubt the voyager would have found a certain enthusiasm for this grand by-way through the seas. He would have discovered lights about it, and reflections unseen by the anxious practical eye of the eighteenth century. But we doubt whether Art itself could have made a more effective point than the contrast of this sullen awful passage through which the silent ships sped breathless, the little *Trial* leading the way — with the supposed brightness beyond, to which the mariners looked forward, seeing through those gloomy portals of rock only a silvery Pacific Ocean and the end of their enterprise. They held their breath, half, perhaps, from the shadow of death overhanging them in the pinnacles of those horrible rocks, but at least as much from expectation, feeling at last — were but this passage made — the grand difficulties surmounted, and their work within reach of their hands. "We presumed we had nothing before us from hence but an open sea," cries the Chaplain, bursting forth out of the cliff-shadows into a short-lived outbreak of the prevailing hope, "till we arrived on those opulent coasts where all our hopes and wishes centred. We could not help persuading ourselves that the greatest difficulty of our voyage was now at an end, and that our most sanguine dreams were on the point of being realised; and hence we indulged our imaginations in those romantic schemes which the fancied possession of the Chilian gold and Peruvian silver might be conceived to inspire." The morning was lovely, bright, and mild — the finest day they had seen since they left England — the sun, no doubt, blazing upon the snow, — though that is not a point which the Chaplain thinks worth mentioning. There was a brisk breeze, which hurried them through the dreaded passage in about two hours, though it was between seven and eight leagues in length. And the hearts of the anxious Commodore and his men rose within them. Surely here was fortune smiling upon them at last!

Alas! it was only now they were upon the dreaded Cape, their terror throughout their voyage. Instead of proving, as they hoped, a gateway into the soft Pacific, the wild channel was but the avenue to destruction. "The day of our passage was the last cheerful day that the greatest part of us would ever live to enjoy," says the Chaplain, mournfully; and it is here that the tragic interest of his narrative begins.

Before they were well out of the shadow of the rocks, the terrible truth burst upon them. The blue sky darkened over, the wind changed, the tide turned — “furiously,” says the historian. A violent current (he can use no milder words), aided by the “fierceness and constancy of the westerly winds,” drove them to eastward. For forty days, almost without intermission, they were driven and tossed, playthings of the waters, up and down in miserable zigzags, about the awful Cape; now menaced by “mountainous waves,” any one of which, had it broken fairly over them, would have sent them to the bottom; now dashed almost to pieces by the rolling of the ship — their sails torn off by the winds, split by the frost — their rigging covered with ice, their bodies benumbed and disabled by the cold. Sometimes a fog came on; and the Commodore, himself struggling for bare life, fired forlorn guns every half-hour, — flashes of despair to keep the perishing ships together. Yet all this time, in the height of their misery, there still lingered a cheerful assurance of hope. According to all they knew, they had been making their way steadily towards the Pacific. It could not but be near at hand, and their toils near a close. And with every day of storm the longing for that sea of peace, for those isles and “opulent coasts,” must have grown on the weary crews, who, any hour, any moment — so they thought — might suddenly glide into the rippling waters and sunny calm. It may be supposed, accordingly, what was the consternation of the sailors, thus strained to the supreme struggle, when they found that they had been betrayed by an insidious current completely out of their course, and saw once more the awful rocks of Tierra del Fuego frowning out of the mists upon their lee.

Before this time scurvy, most dreaded of all the dangers of a long sea-voyage, had made its fatal appearance among them. With their feeble old pensioners and rapidly made up crew, sickness had been rife in the ships from the very beginning of the voyage; and it is evident that Anson's good sense and good feeling had forestalled sanitary science so far as to do all that was possible for the ventilation and cleanliness of his crowded vessel. So early as November the sickly condition of the crews and the want of air between the decks had been reported to him; and by the time they arrived at St. Catherine's it was found necessary to give the Centurion a “thorough cleansing, smoking it between the decks, and after all, washing every

part well with vinegar,” — a precaution made needful by the “noisome stench” and vermin, which had become “intolerably offensive.” This being so when things went comparatively well, it may be imagined what these decks must have got to be when every comfort and almost every hope had abandoned the unhappy mass of suffering men, drenched with salt water, frozen with cold, worn with continual labour, who flung themselves upon them to die. During their terrible beatings about Cape Horn, the scurvy took stronger and stronger hold upon them. In April they lost forty-three men from it on board the Centurion alone; in May double that number; in June, before they reached Juan Fernandez, “the disease extended itself so prodigiously that, after the loss of about two hundred men, we could not at last muster more than six foremast men in a watch capable of duty.” The officers themselves (and, still more remarkably, the officers' servants) seem to have escaped the attacks of this disease, fortified either by the tremendous burden of responsibility, or by that curious force of high spirit and finer mettle which carries so many absolutely weaker men through the perils which slay the strongest. Our Chaplain records the characteristics of the disease with that grave and calm simplicity which distinguishes his style, revealing its full horrors, yet never dwelling unduly on them. Some of its victims, he describes, lay in their hammocks eating and drinking, in cheerful spirits, and with vigorous voices; yet in a moment, if but moved from one place to another, still in their hammocks, died out of hand, all vital energy being gone from them. Some who thought themselves still able for an attempt at duty would fall down and die among their comrades on attempting a stronger pull or more vigorous strain than usual. Every day, while winds and waves, roaring and threatening round, held over the whole shipload another kind of death, must the dim-eyed mariners with failing strength and sinking spirit have gathered to the funeral of their dead. By this time their companion ships had all disappeared, and the Centurion alone, with its sick and dying, tossed about almost at the will of the waves upon that desolate sea. At last there came a moment when, destruction being imminent, “the master and myself,” our brave Chaplain, undertook the management of the helm, while every available soul on board set to work to repair and set the sails and secure the masts, to take advantage once more in desperation of a favourable change of wind.

This was their last storm; but not even then were the troubles of this terrible voyage at an end. They missed Juan Fernandez by one of those mistakes which come in with bewildering certainty at such moments of desperation to enhance all sufferings. "The Commodore himself was strongly persuaded that he saw it," but, overpowered by the scepticism of his officers, changed his course in over-precaution. Then at last the high hearts of the expedition gave way. The water was failing, to add to all the rest; men were dying five and six every day. "A general dejection prevailed among us," says the historian. It was at this moment, when hope and heart were wellnigh gone, that the island of their hopes, all smiling in the sullen seas, with soft woods and grassy slopes and sweet streams of running water, suddenly burst like a glimpse of paradise upon their hungering eyes.

Nothing can be more touching than the sober, simple story, as it describes this deliverance out of despair. The feeble creatures, to whom water had become the first of luxuries, hastened on deck as fast as their tottering limbs would carry them, to gaze with eyes athirst at a great cascade of living water flinging itself, with the wantonness of nature, over a rock a hundred feet high into the sea. The first boat sent on shore brought back heaps of *grass*, having no time to search for better vegetables. The spectre crew were four hours at work, with the assistance of all the ghosts from below who could keep their feeble legs, to raise the cable, when it was necessary to change their anchorage, and could not manage it with all their united strength. But yet the haven was reached, the tempest over for the moment. The ship had but settled to her moorings when a tiny sail bore bravely up upon the newly arrived, and proved to be the *Trial*, valorous little sloop, which had held its own against all the dangers encountered by the *Centurion*, and now found its way to the trysting-place, with only its captain, lieutenant, and three men able to stand by the sails. A fortnight later, some of the sailors, gazing out from a height upon the sea, saw, or fancied they saw, another sail faintly beating about the horizon. In five days more it appeared again, making feeble futile attempts to enter the safe shelter in which Anson lay. The watchful Commodore sent out instant help, risking his boats and refreshed convalescent men to save his consort, and by this timely help kept them alive, until, after three weeks or more of fruitless attempts, the *Gloucester* at last

got into the bay, having lost three-fourths of her crew. Three weatherbeaten hulks, with torn sails and broken masts; three groups of worn-out men escaped as from the dead, looked each other in the face in this lull of fate. With the whisper of the soft woods in their ears, and delicious noise and tinkle of running water, instead of the roaring of the winds and the sea, what salutations, from the edge of the grave, must have been theirs! The brave Commodore set to work, without the loss of an hour, to remove the sick to shore: not a man among them laboured harder than he, the leader, and his officers followed his example, willingly or unwillingly. From one vessel after another the helpless and suffering were landed, to be healed and soothed out of their miseries. Green things of better quality than grass, and fresh fish, and flesh of goats, and new-made bread, consoled the worn-out wretches, and rest stole into the souls of the almost lost. Anson for his own part, with a touch of sentiment which speaks, out of the utter silence in which he is content to leave himself, with a power beyond that of words, chose for himself an idyllic resting-place in this moment of repose.

"I despair of conveying an adequate idea of its beauty," says our Chaplain, — who, let us hope, shared it with his master. "The piece of ground that he chose was a small lawn that lay on a little ascent, at the distance of about half a mile from the sea. In the front of his tent there was a large avenue cut through the woods to the seaside, which, sloping to the water with a gentle descent, opened a prospect of the bay and the ships at anchor. This lawn was screened behind by a tall wood of myrtle, sweeping round it in the form of a theatre. . . . There were, besides, two streams of crystal water which ran on the right and left of the tent, within one hundred yards' distance, and were shaded by the trees which skirted the lawn on either side."

He thinks some faint idea of "the elegance of this situation" may be gleaned from a print which, unfortunately, is not to be found in the edition before us. A certain suppressed poetry of mind must have been in the man who, after such desperate encounter with primitive dangers, pitched his lonely tent between those running rills, with the bay and his ships at anchor softly framed at his feet by the sweet myrtle boughs. Does not the reader hear the sudden hush in the stormy strain, —

"A sound as of a hidden brook,  
In the leafy month of June?"

With what a profound harmony does this momentary vision of repose and tender quiet fall into the tale, all ajar with the danger of warring winds and waves!

While Anson was drawing this breath of tranquillity and health, and taking up again, undismayed, the thread of his plans against the enemy, the other admiral, Vernon, with his splendid fleet and armament, had collapsed all into nothing. Long before, indeed, in April, while dauntless Anson, without a thought of turning back in his mind, was going through his agony round Cape Horn, the struggle was over for that rival who had outshone, outnumbered, and swallowed up his poor little expedition. The big fleet which sailed amid the cheers of England had beat back, all broken, disgraced, and discomfited, to Jamaica—driven miserably away from before the face of that old Spanish foreshadowing of a grim Sebastopol, known as Carthagena—ere our little squadron painfully got itself together in the bay at Juan Fernandez. Our Commodore, of course, could know nothing of that disaster, and indeed was still pondering in his mind how even yet, even now, his ragged shipwrecked band might carry something home to balance the conquests of those rustling gallants. Never could a greater contrast have been; and it was well for England that the chief seaman of so critical an age was not poor popular Vernon recriminating with his General at Jamaica, but Anson, musing alone on the island lawn, just out of the jaws of death, planning a thousand daring adventures, with his eyes fixed on the deceitful quiet of that Southern Sea.

And to carry out the other part of his character, it is evident that the Chaplain-secretary—who must by this time have grown to be a stout sailor, with clear eyes of his own and a modest courageous soul—got little rest even in this interval of repose. He has scarce drawn breath from his tragic narrative, and still labours at his breast with a suppressed passion, when he is about again, setting down his master's distinct seamanlike instructions, topographical account of the island, and guide to mariners. As Anson groped along the unknown coast, coming up to the climax of tempest which drove soundings out of the level of possibilities, so now he surveys the rocks and inlets about his island, indicating where the British cruiser may and may not attempt to anchor, and settling once for all in sound numbers where that isle of Safety is to be found. A mistake in respect to this had cost him seventy men—but never English sea-captain should pay so dearly

again for the knowledge, if the Commodore and the Chaplain could prevent it. Thus the two set to work for their country as soon as they had got their sick on shore, and were at liberty for a stroke of independent toil. How they found a goat with its ears slit, one of Alexander Selkirk's flock, our Chaplain tells us by the way; and Crusoe with his umbrella seems to come out of the woods as he speaks, and give a friendly nod to the narrator. For it is not the first time we have seen Juan Fernandez, or found it a shelter from the tempest. The reader pauses over the halcyon moment, almost longing to believe that it is a community of Crusoes that have now got possession of the isle, and that there, on the soft lawn between the brooks, the seaman will stay and forget his toils. Vain fancy! there where he sits, intent upon the distant bay and the ships at anchor, it is how to get at his work again, how to resume those toils, how to plunge once more into conflict with seas and Spaniards, rich galleons and prying *guarda-costas*—that is all the burden of his thoughts.

The reckoning which remained to be made, however, when the sufferers came to life again, and the ghastly death-angel departed from hovering over the ships, was enough to discourage the stoutest heart. Two hundred and ninety-two men had died out of the Centurion alone since the commencement of the voyage; the Gloucester, though a smaller ship, had lost an equal number; the Trial, about half of her crew. Out of fifty pensioners and seventy-nine marines on board the Centurion, only four of the one and eleven of the other survived. Every pensioner on board the Gloucester had perished; and of forty-eight marines only two remained. Thus the forebodings of the Commodore, and of the helpless veterans themselves, and of reason, if the authorities had cared anything about reason, were fully carried out. The three ships had started from England with nine hundred and sixty-one men on board—all that they could now muster among them was three hundred and thirty-five; "a number greatly insufficient for manning the Centurion alone," says the Chaplain, with dejection, "and barely capable of navigating all the three with the utmost exertion of their strength and vigour." A chill of bitter discouragement evidently overwhelmed the steadfast heart of the Commodore as he numbered his remnant. A Spanish squadron was out in search of him, he knew; and "however contemptible the ships and sailors of this part of the world may have been generally esteemed," says the histo-

rian, with a quaint mixture of national arrogance and self-pity, "it was scarcely possible for anything bearing the name of a ship of force, to be feebler and less considerable than ourselves." This was one very gloomy side of the question; but, on the other hand, there was the galling thought of the Spanish crow of triumph which should ring through all the seas should the English allow themselves to be driven home without striking a blow. "This was a subject on which we had reason to imagine the Spanish ostentation would remarkably exert itself," our Chaplain adds, stung by the thought; and yet, what was to be done under the frightful complication of circumstances? To make a snatch at "what few prizes we could pick up at sea," and get to Panama, where it would be better to be beholden to Vernon, no doubt triumphant by this time, for reinforcements, than to fail,—this would seem to have been the plan which formed itself in the Commodore's mind as he counted his men;—not altogether a cheerful conclusion, and yet the only practicable thing to do.

The first part of this programme, at least, was carried out at once. It was the middle of June when Anson arrived at his island in the condition we have described. On the 8th of September, the *Centurion* having just got herself cleaned and mended, a sail appeared on the horizon, which, after some doubt, the keen nautical eyes watching from their point of observation decided to be a Spaniard. "We immediately got all our hands on board, set up our rigging, bent our sails," and by five in the afternoon got out, notwithstanding want of wind, to sea; resolute, in the very fury of dejection, not to let an opportunity slip. The opportunity turned out to be a Spanish merchantman, laden with a miscellaneous cargo, which yielded with trembling and dismay, being totally unarmed and helpless, at the first summons. Besides her sugar and cotton,—peaceful commodities, which were not important to our sailors,—they found what they liked better—"seven trunks of wrought plate, and twenty-three serons of dollars, each weighing upwards of two hundred pounds avoirdupois." No contemptible prize. The Spaniards, with their heads full of the awful tradition of the Buccaneers, awaited with horror the will of their captors; and when our noble first lieutenant went on board of them, with his lace tarnished by a hundred storms, and the *fine fleur* of courtesy which no storm can tarnish, the terrified crowd could but gasp and gaze upon this nautical angel, not able to believe that such beautiful politeness, such mercy

and goodwill, could be true. The letters found in the prize put an end, however, to any hope Anson might have formed of help from his brother admiral—a hope which had already blossomed out into various great projects, such as that of capturing Panama, "which would have given to the British nation the possession of the isthmus, whereby we should have been in effect masters of all the treasures of Peru." The astounding news that Vernon's expedition had failed, no doubt acted two ways upon the valiant Commodore. It left him beyond hope of any help, and at the same time it left him entirely free to follow his own instincts, stung by the double necessity of silencing the Spaniard. It was fortunate that with such news came the wonderful stimulus of the prize to give everybody courage. They ascertained, at the same time, the destruction of the squadron sent out to look for them, and that they were comparatively safe in the seat of which they had taken possession. With this consolation, towing the big captive ship and her doubloons, the *Centurion* went back to her expectant comrades in the bay to revive their hearts. "And now the spirits of our people being greatly raised, and their despondency dissipated by this earnest of success, they forgot all their past distresses, resumed their wonted alacrity, and laboured indefatigably in completing our water, receiving our lumber, and in preparing to take our farewell of the island." The Gloucester was sent out "to cruise off the highland of Païta," and keep watch lest another Spanish expedition might be despatched from Callao to hunt the English. The *Trial* had already gone off "the very next morning" after the Commodore's arrival, to look out for further prizes; and on the 19th of September, about three months after her forlorn entrance into that island bay, the *Centurion* spread out her cloudy wings once more, and plunged forth, a wild yet lawful reiver—a big, splendid, magnanimous bird of prey—into these wealthy seas.

For some time after the story is but a record of prizes; eager seamen's eyes intent on the horizon for a sail; flash and swoop of the great half-manned ship upon the trembling Spaniard; anxious investigation after doubloons; unexpected, incredible mercy and kindness to the captives. Soon the *Trial* had her spell of conquest too—"one of the largest merchantmen employed in those seas," though unhappily with but £5000 of silver on board. This seems, however, to have cost the brave little ship her own life, which the reader grieves

to learn as if she had been a living creature. Dismasted, leaking, crazy, parting at every timber, the little conqueror of the seas had to be committed to them like so many of her crew, her men watching by her in the prize they had just secured, no doubt with heavy hearts and a certain half religious solemnity, till the dead ship went down in the ocean she had breasted so long. But the Commodore had no time to dally by the grave of either man or sloop. The next prize had but £170 of money in her, which was a disappointment; and her goods, though valuable, were useless to her captors; though, indeed, our Chaplain piously reflects,—"though we could make no profit thereby ourselves, it was some satisfaction to us to consider that it was so much really lost to the enemy, and that the despoiling them was no contemptible branch of that service in which we were now employed by our country."

Soon, however, a larger enterprise dawned upon the little fleet, for fleet it gradually became as prize after prize was added to the Commodore's train. Lieutenant Brett, sent on with the ship's barge and pinnace to seize a flying sail, brought news of treasure at the little town of Paita close by, where some escaped vessel had carried information that the English were at hand, and set the whole coast a-tremble. The governor was about to remove the treasure, and there was no time to be lost. In every point of view the opportunity was tempting; the place was poorly defended and near at hand; the sailors were eager for conquest; a swift-sailing vessel, which the heavy old Centurion could never hope to cope with afoot, was about to leave the harbour with specie, and must be caught, if at all, in port. And, to crown all, there was here an opportunity of getting rid of the prisoners, an inconvenient and unsafe cargo, numbering half as many as their captors. Among them were three women—a mother, with two beautiful daughters—whom Anson treated with the most chivalrous respect, to the utter amazement of their fellow-captives,—but whom, no doubt, he was very glad to get rid of at the earliest opportunity. That very night, the Commodore being little fond of delay, the expedition bore down upon Paita; and Lieutenant Brett, once more in his boats, set out by ten o'clock in the darkness to the work of conquest. The boats' crews steered into the harbour of the sleeping town with all that air of frolic which English man-of-war's-men carry into the most desperate encounters. "The shouts and clamour of three-score sailors who had been confined so long on shipboard, and

were for the first time on shore in an enemy's country, joyous as they always are when they land, and animated besides, in the present case, with the hopes of an immense pillage; the huzzas, I say," cries our Chaplain, himself a little excited, "of this spirited detachment, joined with the noise of their drums, and favoured by the night, had augmented their number in the opinion of the enemy to at least three hundred." The whole affair passed over almost as bloodlessly as any other frolic. The terrified inhabitants fled in their nightgear, leaving everything behind them. And thereupon arose such a scene of grotesque good-natured schoolboy riot as perhaps a conquered town never witnessed before. While the serious work of removing the treasure was going on, every man in his disengaged moments foraged for himself. They found the laced coats and hats of the townsfolk in their deserted houses, and with the wild humour of their class immediately seized upon this opportunity of sport. In the confusion of the night—there being, thank heaven, no worse outrage, it would seem, to turn the farce into a tragedy—the rough fellows fluttered about under the torchlight in the spoil they had won, putting on "the glittering habits" over their own dirty trousers and jackets, "not forgetting at the same time, the tye or bag wig and laced hat, which were generally found with the clothes." Some, "not finding men's clothes sufficient to equip themselves," the Chaplain thinks—or, more probably, to enhance the effect of the boisterous masquerade—put on women's gowns and petticoats, "provided there was finery enough." One can imagine the strange scene, the grotesque forms, the horse-laughter, and shouts of rough merriment, making night hideous. But yet, so far as appears, there is no blacker story to tell; and a conqueror who only plays such pranks before unoffended heaven is no terrible sight. The Spaniards generally, according to the account given by our Chaplain, had fallen into a mild craze of wonder over the innocence of their daring invaders. Lieutenant Brett did not know his own people as they danced about fantastic under his wondering eyes, but all the time kept a steady watch over them, and saw to the swift and sure collection of the treasure. Next morning the English flag made itself visible on the flagstaff of the fort, and the Centurion anchored in the bay, receiving boat-loads of silver, wealth to the full extent of their hopes. By this time the fugitives from the town, under their fugitive governor,

had begun to assemble on a hill behind, with much demonstration of force. They had mustered a body of two hundred horse, fully equipped, and of imposing appearance, who consoled themselves by parading on the heights, and lending the strains of their band to amuse the threescore begrimed and disguised seamen labouring at their work of destruction below, but made no attempt to recover the town, or stop the transport of goods which was going on under their very eyes. The concluding act in this wild extravaganza had a tragical air enough. Having secured their prisoners in a church, safe and out of the way, the boarding party made a conflagration of Païta and all her stores—a proceeding which, as Lord Mahon says, “can scarcely be defended in civilised war,” and has “imprinted a deep blot on the glory of Lord Anson’s expedition.” A Spanish historian goes so far as to declare that it was done without Anson’s knowledge, and *lui avoit fort déplu*. The courtesies of war, however, are a matter above all others ruled by the character of the age in which that war is made; and Anson’s historian has already given his opinion on the subject—which, no doubt, was that of his Commander—in a passage we have quoted. It is perfectly clear that it never occurred to them to consider the property of private individuals. A bigger or smaller impersonation of Spain was all the Commodore and his squadron saw in Païta, or in the innocent merchant-ships they took. To molest Spain was their special mission; and to know that the goods thus destroyed was so much lost to the enemy, was, no doubt, once more a pious satisfaction to the authorities of the expedition, both secular and ecclesiastical. The Chaplain neither regrets nor justifies the firing of the town: to him it is clearly a matter of course. He is proud to record the wonder of the Spaniards over Anson’s unparalleled clemency to themselves; and, in a lesser degree, it gives him sensible pleasure to tell us that but one man of the invaders forgot himself so far as to take “too large a dose of brandy” during the bloodless sack of the place. But the vast bonfire which destroyed so many houses and fortunes does not touch him at all. It is so much loss to the enemy. He has no other thought.

When the Commodore received his victorious detachment back again with their spoils, leaving the unhappy townsfolk free to return to the ashes of their dwellings, he was not without his own troubles. Quarrels arose on the question of the booty, the men who had remained on board

and missed the fun feeling it hard naturally to miss the profit as well. This disturbance was quieted by an order from Anson that all private plunder was to be produced and divided, which was done accordingly; and a curious Rag-fair the decks of the old ship must have presented as every man’s hoard was displayed. When the division had been made, the magnanimous Commodore presented the actual victors with his own share, congratulating them on their achievement; and so peace was secured.

The Gloucester, which all this time had been cruising on her station, making such prizes as she could find for her own hand, without any share in the glory and amusement of this exploit, was encountered shortly after, having laid hold of two inconsiderable vessels only, though one of them had £7000 on board. The other was a barge laden with cotton in “jars”—a curious kind of package—the crew of which professed to be of the poorest, yet were found, to the bewilderment of their captors, eating pigeon-pie out of silver dishes. When, however, the pretended cotton was looked into—a matter which must have been settled at once, one would think, the first time a jar was lifted—it was discovered that the cotton was but a covering to a silvery mass of doubloons, twelve thousand pounds’ worth of them—which must have gone far to reconcile the Gloucester to her absence from Païta. Thus the English adventurers accomplished their mission merrily, wind and tide and fair weather in their favour, and everything granted to them for which the British sailor most sighed—plenty of prize-money, plenty of work, a little fighting, and a little danger to sweeten their wellbeing, and the consciousness of having retrieved their fortune by their own endurance, patience, and valour. Success, instead of satisfying, did but stimulate the Commodore. No doubt, with the prick of their comrades’ defeat at Carthegena so fresh in their minds, the destruction of Païta was sweet to them, an event over which no Spaniard could glorify himself; and after such a feat, the squadron could no longer content itself with dabbling in little prizes and jars of hidden treasure. The galleon which had flitted across their dreams since ever they left England was now near enough and sure enough to quicken the beating of many a heart. It was no longer a mere vision of romance—a Cleopatra’s galley with Wealth sitting enthroned on her gorgeous deck—but an ascertained certainty, an apple of gold just ready to drop into the eager mouth. Blessed Indians, creatures undeniably genuine, had actually

seen and been on board of the glorious vision, and could answer for its reality. Once a-year, from Manila to Acapulco, this ship of fortune made her way, and there was nothing in the world to prevent the English sailor from standing in across her bows and securing to himself her golden delights. On this, accordingly, the Commodore fixed his eye. As soon as the little squadron had come together again, and settled into working trim by destroying a few prizes, and generally shaking itself down, Anson directed his course towards the north, steering for the port of Acapulco, where he hoped to arrive in time to intercept this prize of prizes. By this time the expedition numbered five sail, after the destruction of the least satisfactory vessels. Thus they set out again on the scarce-known way, sheathing the cutlass for the moment, and taking to the lead and the pencil. Lieutenant Brett—he of the boats, the conqueror of Paíta—seems to have been the artist of the expedition, as Mr. Walter was its historian. It is tantalising not to be able to refer to his plates of every headland and bay and island that struck the Commodore's eye. Full of hopes about the galleon, and speculations as to her whereabouts, the ships bowled clumsily along the wealthy shores of Peru, across the great gulf of Panama, doing their duty by their country in a more peaceable way than by the burning of Spanish towns and ships—sounding, noting, making sure of everything—doing a solid spell of work for posterity, which represented itself to the stout seamen, chiefly, as has been remarked, under the shape of the British cruiser doing perennial battle with imperial Spain.

We pause, as our historian does, for one moment on the way, for the sake of those chords of softest harmony which nature has taught him to strike here and there in the midst of the discords, to note the island of Quibo—paradisical vision which burst upon the seaman's sight when once more the monotony of the waves had begun to tell on him. Not in search of the picturesque, but of wood and water, more urgent necessities, had the squadron sought this second Isle of Rest. "Never was such a place for these needful purposes," says our Chaplain. "The trees grow close to the high-water mark, and a large rapid stream of fresh water runs over the sandy beach into the sea;" as if for once nature had thrown aside her tricksy ways, and had soberly provided for her sailors' wants. Nor is the place without curiosities: there are pearl oysters in heaps along the sea-

margin, and turtle in such quantities that the wanderers carry away a month's supply, to their much comfort and benefit. But these material blessings were not all. The Commodore, while exploring the island, came upon something which moved him, silent man, to us saying nothing about it, as only a poetic soul can be moved. The Chaplain speaks as if he had not been present at this exploration; and if so, the impression it made must have been vivid indeed to be thus transmitted to us at second-hand. It was a waterfall they saw; and here is Mr. Walter's picture of it, fresh as of yesterday. No doubt the same water dashes over the same rock unchanged at this moment, though the description has become a thing of the old world:—

"It was a river of transparent water, about forty yards wide, which rolled down a declivity of near a hundred and fifty in length. The channel it fell in was very irregular, for it was entirely composed of rock, both its sides and bottom being made up of large detached blocks; and by these the course of the water was frequently interrupted, for in some parts it ran sloping with a rapid but uniform motion, while in others it tumbled over the ledges of the rocks with a perpendicular descent. All the neighbourhood of this stream was a fine wood, and even the huge masses of rock which overhung the water, and which, by their various projections, formed the inequalities of the channel, were covered with lofty forest-trees. Whilst the Commodore and those accompanying him were attentively viewing this place, and were remarking the different blendings of the water, the rocks, and the wood, there came in sight (as if still to heighten and animate the prospect) a prodigious flight of mackaws, which, hovering over this spot, and often wheeling and playing on the wing about it, afforded a most brilliant appearance by the glittering of the sun on their variegated plumage, so that some of the spectators cannot refrain from a kind of transport when they recount the complicated beauties which occurred in this extraordinary waterfall."

There is something in the circumstantial simplicity of this picture—a certain sense of novelty in the idea of describing such a thing as a waterfall at all, and in the suggestion with which it is introduced—that (in the Commodore's opinion) "it surpassed . . . everything of this kind which human art or industry had hitherto produced!" which is very quaint and characteristic. The science of the picturesque was a novel science in those days; and perhaps even our Chaplain—though his eye is so clear, and his imagination cannot refuse to be moved, even at second-hand, by this grand ravine in the lonely isle, kept by God for

his own pleasure up to that moment — has still a lingering belief that Kent or Brown, the landscape-gardeners, might yet produce a masterpiece to match it. Such was the fashion of his time.

The squadron then proceeded to Acapulco, about the shores of which it lingered from January to May, fondly imagining for a long time that they were in time to intercept the galleon, or to snap her up on her return voyage. But the galleon had arrived before Anson reached the coast, and was stopped in her return by the governor of the place, an uneasy consciousness of the English sea-lion prowling about those lonely waters having crept over the Mexican shore. When the Commodore had at last and reluctantly admitted that hope was over, nothing was left for it but to turn his back upon those "opulent coasts," and follow his original plan, which was to make for the port of Macao on the way to England and the civilised world. It was not a cheerful resolution, nor was the voyage a cheerful one. The comparative calm which they had for so long enjoyed, the constant neighbourhood of pleasant isles, where wood and water and rest might be had when needed, the excitement of burning towns and taking prizes, had now to be exchanged for a dreary voyage across the Pacific, in which they had neither experience nor information to guide them, but had once more to grope their way unsustained by any exciting hope. The galleon faded like a dream from the monotonous sky; weary weeks of sea, unbroken by a sail, or an islet, or an adventure, followed the excitement and variety of their cruise, and with the natural effect. They had calculated on making their passage to China, with the help of the trade-wind, in about two months; but this auxiliary failing them, they found themselves with scarcely a fourth part of their voyage accomplished when seven weary weeks had passed. Monotony, disappointment, and privation took heart and courage from the men; and, as a natural consequence, notwithstanding all their precautions, their abundant supply of water, their stock of turtle, their anxious attention to ventilation and cleanliness (on which the Chaplain specially insists — a man before his age), their deadliest enemy, scurvy, again appeared among them. By this time the prizes had all been sacrificed, the survivors of the crews being inadequate even to the manning of the two English ships. Now, in the midst of the dull Pacific, the Gloucester's days were numbered. With sprung masts, starting planks, seamen fainting at the pumps, and all round them a hopeless

horizon, waste of sky and sea, with no refuge hidden in it to encourage them to prolong the hopeless struggle — no other end was possible. In August, when already the two ships had been for more than three months labouring along their weary course, the Gloucester, emptied of her crew and such of her stores as could be got at, fired off her guns solemnly one by one as the fire reached them, and went down in sullen smoke and dull explosion into the sea, the Centurion looking sadly on from a distance. Henceforward the Commodore was alone on the untracked waste, vexed by contrary winds, and calms almost as contrary, with a leak in his ship which could not be subdued, with eight or ten or sometimes twelve burials a-day — his few sound men failing, and nothing in the shape of land yet appearing out of the obdurate blank. Over the dull level of the seas brooded a dull ignorance more trying still. He thought they must be driving to the leeward of the Ladrone Islands. He feared that the eastern coast of Asia would prove the nearest land — a coast upon which at that moment the monsoon was at its height, so that the strongest ship would find it impracticable; and the men kept dying, the waters rushing in. Black despair came upon the sickening crew — when lo! suddenly out of the mists uprose the joyful speck of green, which meant safety and healing, and the tragic strains once more drop into soft pastoral breathings of tranquillity and rest.

The isle of consolation this time was Tinian, one of the Ladrone, a paradise of fruit and plenty, where the sick speedily came to, and the healthy took courage. The place was so beautiful that our Chaplain here pauses to compliment nature. It "did by no means resemble an uninhabited and uncultivated place," he says, "but had much more the air of a magnificent plantation, where large lawns and stately woods had been laid out together with great skill, and where the whole had been so artfully combined, and so judiciously adapted to the slopes of the hills and the inequalities of the ground, as to produce a most striking effect, and to do honour to the invention of the contriver" — a kind of praise most quaintly characteristic of the eighteenth century. Bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, oranges, and vegetables of all kinds — not to speak of herds of wild cattle, fowls, and pigs — made the island celestial. But it is chiefly memorable as the scene of a most moving and almost tragic accident, which might have been the most serious of all they had yet encountered. A sudden storm came on one night while the Centurion lay in the

bay with less than half her crew on board, her guns unsecured, her shrouds loose, her topmasts unrigged, her Commodore and most of her officers on shore. In the darkness of the sudden tropical storm the luckless ship was driven out, to sea, dragging her anchor; and when the morning broke, not a trace of her could the wistful sailors see from Tinian as they strained their anxious eyes over the desolate ocean. Nothing but a miserable little Indian boat of fifteen tons burthen had they left; and the only alternative to the total loss of the *Centurion* with which the deserted could console themselves was the idea that she might still make her way to Macao and save herself if not them. The Commodore, not more hopeful in reality than his men, put at least a better face upon it. He had been ill with scurvy himself, as was not wonderful, and had consequently removed to a tent on shore, pitched, according to the instinct for the beautiful which seems to have been in the man, on "a most elegant spot." Here, after the first silent chill of discouragement, his busy brain found out an expedient of escape. Perhaps he believed in the possibility of using it, perhaps he only felt that it was necessary at all hazards to employ and keep a little hope in his five or six score wretches abandoned in the lonely seas. His proposal was to cut their little Indian ship in two, and lengthen her to such a size as might make it possible for her to embark the whole of them. After some hesitation on the part of the despairing men he got them set to work. The smith's forge was established on the shore; one party, with the Commodore himself working first among them (since their work was the hardest), cut down trees and sawed them into planks; another party attended to the commissariat. They made a little dock for their ship; they made even the bellows which were needful for the smith's part of the undertaking. All at once the solitary tropical island grew into a busy naval building-yard—the men working with not uncheerful readiness from day-break till night, filling leafy Tinian with sounds of axes and hammers, and stirring shouts of industry. A few days after their labours began, an incident occurred, insignificant to the crowd, but which to the Commodore brought the bitterest pang he had yet known. A sail was seen on the horizon, which the sailors concluded with joy was their ship returning; but as they gazed, a second apparition came in sight behind the first, confounding them in their speculations. Anson, silent as ever, a man of few words, turned his glass upon them,

and discovered that they were two boats. A thrill of despair went through his heart. He immediately concluded that the *Centurion* had gone to the bottom, and that it was the remnant of the survivors who were thus making their painful way back to the island. The silent man said not a word to the eager and curious group around him, but turned into his tent and faced this last stroke in solitude, with such feelings as may be supposed. "There he passed some bitter moments in the full belief that the ship was lost, and that now all his views of further distressing the enemy, and of still signalling his expedition by some important exploit, were at an end." When, however, the Commodore, swallowing the anguish of disappointment, which for the moment had been too much for him, emerged again into the daylight, he found the two boats which had so disturbed him to be but Indian proas passing on some indifferent mission of their own, and went back to work at his ship-building, no doubt with a revulsion of feeling and new vigour in his courageous heart.

Three weeks, however, had come and gone, and the work was so far advanced that the day of embarkation in the enlarged vessel had been fixed, when one of the men, casting a careless eye upon the sea in some pause of his work in the sultry afternoon, suddenly saw the *Centurion* herself, and no other, bearing down upon the island. "The ship! the ship!" shouted the discoverer, setting off at full speed down the hill, wild with sudden joy. One voice after another echoed the cry. A nimble lieutenant of marines catching up the shout, flew with it breathless to the spot where Anson, at the head of his people, was calmly labouring at his logs. The Commodore threw down his axe: "for the first time," says our Chaplain, "his joy broke through the equable and unvaried character which he had hitherto preserved." The humbler workmen round following his example, flew helter-skelter to the beach "in a kind of frenzy," scarce daring to believe their eyes. The *Centurion*, meanwhile, had been having her own troubles for these three weeks, but was here safe and sound at last, making home, England, even Manilla galleons and distress of the enemy, still practicable to all.

After such an adventure, it is but natural to suppose that nobody desired to linger in a spot where danger of so desperate a kind could never be completely guarded against. They made all speed, accordingly, to get to sea; and after a voyage of nearly a month, comparatively without events, got to the Chinese coast; and with a satisfaction which

it is easy to realise after a two-years' cruise, interrupted by so many moving incidents, found themselves in "an amicable port and a civilised country," — the port, to wit, of Macao, where they found letters and news from home for the first time since the commencement of their voyage, as well as the naval stores and other necessities of which they were destitute. Did our space permit, the story of Anson's negotiations with the authorities, Portuguese and Chinese; his humorous solemn assumption of state; the most well-looking of his crew dressed up in marine uniform to receive a celestial visitor, and all the punctilios of a representative of his country set up at a moment's notice to impress the Chinamen not only with the importance of the visitor, but with the superlative claims of his nation to instant attention and honour — might amuse the reader. He had a great deal of trouble to get the repairs he wanted, and various very solemn interviews with the mandarins, to whom he pointed out the improbability of his men, however patient, starving in the midst of plenty, while strong enough to take what they wanted; and "to this the Commodore added, that if by delay of supplying them with provisions, his men should, from the impulses of hunger, be obliged to turn cannibals, and to prey upon their own species, it was easy enough to be foreseen that, independent of their friendship to their comrades, they would, in point of luxury, prefer the plump well-fed Chinese to their own emaciated shipmates!"

"The first mandarin acquiesced in the justice of this reasoning," adds the Chaplain, with the mild inward laugh which befits his position. And here, alas! our Chaplain leaves us, getting permission from his Commander, along with two or three other travel-worn officers, to return home by a ship which was just leaving the port. The cruise and its dangers and excitements were over, as everybody believed; and the Centurion, too, as soon as she had got herself put in sailing trim, was to follow. So everybody thought, and so the silent Commodore let them think, keeping a close eye upon his stores, his repairs, everything necessary for the long voyage before him, and meanwhile turning his own plans over in his deliberate self-sufficing mind. It was only when he had left the port, bound, as the world supposed, for Batavia and England, with Dutch letters on board for the Dutch port, and not a doubt of his destination on any mind either aboard or ashore, that he called his people to him on the quarter-deck, and opened his mind to them. That galleon! could they go back to England

without it, leaving the Spaniard to brag of their failure? Were they to acknowledge themselves foiled, and give in, English seamen not understanding the meaning of such words? It had well-nigh broken his heart to give it up that time when he thought the Centurion lost; and now Batavia and the Dutch letters must take their chance — the galleon was the port to which he was bound. The sailors, clustering round to listen, answered, as sailors could not choose but answer to such a proposition, "with three strenuous cheers," and about went the ship, every soul in her walking on air. Hopes, which had been abandoned by everybody but the Commodore, sprang up again in full luxuriance; "they should yet be repaid the price of their fatigues, and should at last return home enriched with the spoils of the enemy." All the misfortunes of their former voyage seem to have died out of the memories of the men — not a doubt of their success occurred to them. When the Commodore asked for mutton, his steward pathetically begged leave of his honour to keep the two sheep which were left for the entertainment of the general of the galleons. This time, the crew, as one man, felt convinced they could not fail.

Nor did they. The doomed galleon approached from among the islands serenely unconscious of the weather beaten man-of-war that waited for her. Even when she perceived her enemy advancing, with short-lived courage she advanced upon him, trusting in her greater size and more numerous guns and men. It is needless to repeat the particulars of the usual story. In about two hours' time the big Spaniard struck her flag. The Commodore reappeared, to the amazement of the Chinese, within three months of his leaving, in the port of Macao, with a prize half as big again as his own ship; twice his own number of men kept fast, with such mercifulness as was possible, in the Centurion's hold; and such masses of virgin silver and heaps of shining pieces-of-eight as the imagination refuses to reckon, making a moonlight splendour in the old Centurion's lockers. At last he had done the piece of work he had set his heart on — so much against Carthage, so much to stop the Spaniard's bragging mouth. And now our sailor had the heart to go home.

The total amount of treasure taken altogether by the Centurion amounted to £400,000, "independent," adds the historian, eager to make his hero's full merits clear, "of the ships and merchandise which she either burnt or destroyed, and which, by the most reasonable estimation, could not amount to so little as £600,000 more;

so that the whole damage done the enemy by our squadron did doubtless exceed a million sterling. To which if there be added the great expense of the Court of Spain in fitting out Pizarro, and in paying the additional charges in America incurred on our account, together with the loss of one man-of-war, the total of all these articles will be a most exorbitant sum, and is the strongest conviction of the utility of this expedition, which, with all its numerous disadvantages, did yet prove so extremely prejudicial to the enemy." With this utterance of calm exultation the Chaplain winds up the extraordinary tale. And surely, though we may have changed our minds a little about the Christian duty of being thus "prejudicial to the enemy," there never was a story of wholesale plunder and destruction more splendidly relieved by those qualities which are among the highest possessed by human nature, and which the one thing most fatal to humanity, war, has ever had most share in calling out — dauntless courage — steadfastness beyond compare — patience, devotion, loyalty — a dutiful and unhesitating obedience in the face of every difficulty — a noble, silent, magnanimous reign of one man over his fellows. Be the object what it might, such a narrative could not but move the hearts of men; and the object, as Anson saw it, was, by his lights, one of the purest principles of patriotism — to magnify, glorify, and enrich his country — to make the very name of her a terror and power — to make her feared by the greatness of the pains she could inflict, yet loved for the unparalleled mercy she could extend. Such was his aim, inarticulate, and never put into words; but written in fire and flame, in panic-stricken and grateful hearts, along all the shores of that Southern Sea. The galleon and its ingots were necessities of the work — the garments of fact and potential secondary impulse which are indispensable to human action, but not its pervading motive, nor anything but a big shadow upon its simple heroic soul.

The fine climax of the story — the sudden, silent swoop into the Southern Seas, and stroke as of fate upon the long-dreamed-of victim — is told with less picturesque effect than the other part of the voyage. We miss our Chaplain's eye, which was ever open to those details which make up a picture. Time does not permit us to follow him into his more philosophical chapters — not even into the story of the galleon itself, and all the precautions observed upon its yearly voyage; or his

grave survey of the effects which might and ought to have followed had the squadron but started a little earlier. The only other quotation we shall make is one interesting only as showing what a strange sarcasm a hundred years can make of words spoken in the most perfect gravity and good faith. The writer is discussing the probable results of his Commodore's generous treatment of the Spanish captives: — "Nor let it be imagined," he says, "that the impression which the Spaniards thus received to our advantage is a matter of small import; for, not to mention several of our countrymen who have already felt the good effects of these prepossessions, the *Spaniards are a nation whose good opinion of us is doubtless of more consequence than that of all the world besides!*" Strange whirligig of time which brings about so many revenges! Whatever the future may be which remains for this extraordinary nation, where is there a people in the world whose good opinion is of so little importance now?

Anson had the gratification of bringing at once the news and the results of his good fortune to England without being forestalled by any flying rumour. In the very Channel he escaped, without knowing it, a danger as great as any of those he had more painfully surmounted in the Pacific, having sailed through the midst of a French fleet in a fog, which concealed him from them, with all his dollars on board. "Anson is returned with vast fortune," writes Horace Walpole in June 1744. "He has brought the Acapulco ship into Portsmouth, and its treasure is computed at five hundred thousand pounds." The latter circumstance, however, is a mistake: Anson sold his galleon at Macao, and came home in the *Centurion*, valiant old hulk, the only one which had survived the cruise.

It is very strange, after the clear revelation of this man which has come to us among the waves and seas, to find him disappear the moment he touches English ground. If it is the want of our Chaplain, whose office in nature it was to elucidate his silent Commodore, or if it is that his work was done, and humanity had henceforth no need of him, it is hard to tell; but the fact is very clear that he disappears forthwith from all knowledge of man. True, he won a victory over the French three years after, notable enough in its way, and was made a peer, and has left honourable Ansons after him to the present generation. He was even promoted to be a Lord of the Admiralty ten years later, in which capacity Lord Waldegrave reports

of him, that "Lord Anson, as usual, said little;" though it is found "he had done everything in his power that our fleet might be in the best condition." He held this appointment for a very short time, but seems to have been again called to office at a later period. "He was in reality a good sea-officer," Lord Waldegrave says, with a certain fine patronage, "and had gained a considerable victory over the French in the last war" (Cape Horn and Paits and the galleon evidently not considered worth speaking of!) "but nature had not endowed him with those extraordinary abilities which had been so liberally granted him by the whole nation." Thus the fine stream of story sinks into the mud of contemporary gossip and loses itself, gleaming out now and then, soiled with the witty insinuations of that sweet-spoken age, in Horace Walpole's letters. The narrative of the great sailor's voyage is "very silly and contradictory," Horace thinks, jeering nastily at our Commodore. Fortunately

posterity, in that as in some other things, has not been of Horace's opinion. "A real poem in its kind, or romance all fact: one of the pleasantest little books in the world's library at this date," says Carlyle. A book all reality, full of a straightforward occupation with its own business, which is one of the highest evidences of truth.

Thus arose, without preface or exposition, one of the few men of the eighteenth century who had an absolute and most distinct piece of work to perform in the world. He did it, "as usual, saying little;" and having done it, subsided into that peaceable obscurity upon which even a peerage throws little light. The modesty of his exit chimes in with our favourite ideal of that British sailor whom England loves. There were incompetent admirals enough, as there were incompetent generals, in his time. Anson alone handed down out of one century into another, to Nelson and all his captains, the old glorious English tradition of empire over the sea.

THE CRADLE OF A NATION. — Latterly I have found myself the bystander of a well-head of nationality, in a region where the process of production and formation is rapidly going on, where the elements assume fresh combinations, ferment, and in fermenting increase; promising at no distant period to crystallize into a new nationality, with a type and destiny of its own, differing from any that have as yet gone before it. The scene of these vital energies is the great Asiatic highland placed south-east of the Black Sea and south-west of the Caspian. The direction of this anti-Caucasus, this Asiatic Switzerland, lies from north-west to south-east; that is, from the Anatolian coast behind Trebizond to the lofty peak of Demavend and the neighbourhood of Tebrez or Tauris. It comprises the whole east of Anatolia, with northern Kurdistan, both parts of the Ottoman dominion, besides the Russian provinces of Erivan and Kara-bagh, with the Persian province of Azerbeyjan; its central point is an old, almost a pre-historic, starting point in the history of our kind, the double cone of Ararat, and its never-melting snows. No part of the world is, it would seem, better fitted to become what men call the cradle of a nation. The soil, everywhere fertile, is, up to a height of 6,000 feet and more above sea-level, rich to superabundance in all kinds of cereals — corn, rye, barley, oats, and the like; higher up are summer pasture-lands, or "yailas," to give them their local name, of vast extent, clothed with excellent grass; in the valleys below ripen all the products of our own South-European climate — vines, fruit-trees, maize, rice, tobacco, and varied cultivation, alternating with forests unexceptionally the noblest that it has ever been my chance to see: ash, walnut, box-wood, elm, beech, oak, fir, and pine. If to its above-ground riches we

add the metallic products of the land, principally iron and copper, with not unfrequent silver and lead, and also, I am informed, but must speak with hesitation on a subject where so much technical knowledge is required, coal; add also a pure and healthy climate, averaging in temperature that of Southern Germany; add perennial snows on the heights and abundant rains in the valleys, whence flow down those great rivers, Chorook, Araxes, Tigris, and Euphrates, with all their countless tributaries and other water-courses of less historic note, but of scarce less fertilizing importance, some to seek the Black Sea and the Caspian, some the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf; all this, and we may reasonably conclude that few portions of the earth's surface are, natural resources considered, better adapted for the habitation, increase, and improvement of man. . . . Russian pressure on the north-east is fast driving the Turkoman tribes, once settled in further lands, into the space just described; the same pressure, of which we in Europe can scarcely form an adequate idea, has lately added a numerous, energetic, and increasing population in the myriads of Circassians and their kin, expelled from their native mountains to find here, across the Turkish frontier, the toleration and existence which Russia persistently denies to her own non-Russian subjects. Persian anarchy, for it is no better, supplies also its yearly quota of emigrants, chiefly Turkoman; while the somewhat lax hospitality of Turkey receives all these new forms of life within the bounds of the empire, and allows them to combine and develope as much as they choose. And they are, in fact, now fast coalescing and organizing themselves into a new nation.

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## CHAPTER LIV.

## CONSOLATION.

On the day following Madame Goesler's dinner party, Phineas, though he was early at his office, was not able to do much work, still feeling that as regarded the realities of the world, his back was broken. He might no doubt go on learning, and, after a time, might be able to exert himself in a perhaps useful, but altogether uninteresting kind of way, doing his work simply because it was there to be done,—as the carter or the tailor does his;—and from the same cause, knowing that a man must have bread to live. But as for ambition, and the idea of doing good, and the love of work for work's sake,—as for the elastic springs of delicious and beneficent labour,—all that was over for him. He would have worked from day till night, and from night till day, and from month till month throughout the year, to have secured for Violet Effingham the assurance that her husband's position was worthy of her own. But now he had no motive for such work as this. As long as he took the public pay, he would earn it; and that was all.

On the next day things were a little better with him. He received a note in the morning from Lord Cantrip saying that they two were to see the Prime Minister that evening, in order that the whole question of the railway to the Rocky Mountains might be understood, and Phineas was driven to his work. Before the time of the meeting came he had once more lost his own identity in great ideas of colonial welfare, and had planned and peopled a mighty region on the Red River, which should have no sympathy with American democracy. When he waited upon Mr. Gresham in the afternoon he said nothing about the mighty region; indeed, he left it to Lord Cantrip to explain most of the proposed arrangements,—speaking only a word or two here and there as occasion required. But he was aware that he had so far recovered as to be able to save himself from losing ground during the interview.

"He's about the first Irishman we've had that has been worth his salt," said Mr. Gresham to his colleague afterwards.

"That other Irishman was a terrible fellow," said Lord Cantrip, shaking his head.

On the fourth day after his sorrow had befallen him, Phineas went again to the cottage in Park Lane. And in order that he might not be balked in his search for sympathy he wrote a line to Madame Goesler to ask if she would be at home. "I will be at home from five to six,—and alone.—

M. M. G." That was the answer from Marie Max Goesler, and Phineas was of course at the cottage a few minutes after five. It is not, I think, surprising that a man when he wants sympathy in such a calamity as that which had now befallen Phineas Finn, should seek it from a woman. Women sympathise most effectually with men, as men do with women. But it is, perhaps, a little odd that a man when he wants consolation because his heart has been broken, always likes to receive it from a pretty woman. One would be disposed to think that at such a moment he would be profoundly indifferent to such a matter, that no delight could come to him from female beauty, and that all he would want would be the softness of a simply sympathetic soul. But he generally wants a soft hand as well, and an eye that can be bright behind the mutual tear, and lips that shall be young and fresh as they express their concern for his sorrow. All these things were added to Phineas when he went to Madame Goesler in his grief.

"I am so glad to see you," said Madame Max.

"You are very good-natured to let me come."

"No;—but it is so good of you to trust me. But I was sure you would come after what took place the other night. I saw that you were pained, and I was sorry for it."

"I made such a fool of myself."

"Not at all. And I thought that you were right to tell them when the question had been asked. If the thing was not to be kept a secret, it was better to speak it out. You will get over it quicker in that way than in any other. I have never seen the young lord, myself."

"Oh, there is nothing amiss about him. As to what Lord Fawn said, the half of it is simply exaggeration, and the other half is misunderstood."

"In this country it is so much to be a lord," said Madame Goesler.

Phineas thought a moment of that matter before he replied. All the Standish family had been very good to him, and Violet Effingham had been very good. It was not the fault of any of them that he was now wretched and back-broken. He had meditated much on this, and had resolved that he would not even think evil of them. "I do not in my heart believe that that has had any thing to do with it," he said.

"But it has, my friend,—always. I do not know your Violet Effingham."

"She is not mine."

"Well,—I do not know this Violet that is not yours. I have met her, and did not

specially admire her. But then the tastes of men and women about beauty are never the same. But I know she is one that always lives with lords and countesses. A girl who has always lived with countesses feels it to be hard to settle down as a plain Mistress."

"She has had plenty of choice among all sorts of men. It was not the title. She would not have accepted Chiltern unless she had —. But what is the use of talking of it?"

"They had known each other long?"

"Oh, yes,—as children. And the Earl desired it of all things."

"Ah;—then he arranged it."

"Not, exactly. Nobody could arrange anything for Chiltern,—nor, as far as that goes, for Miss Effingham. They arranged it themselves, I fancy."

"You had asked her?"

"Yes;—twice. And she had refused him more than twice. I have nothing for which to blame her; but yet I had thought,—I had thought —"

"She is a jilt then?"

"No;—I will not let you say that of her. She is no jilt. But I think she has been strangely ignorant of her own mind. What is the use of talking of it, Madame Goesler?"

"No;—only sometimes it is better to speak a word, than to keep one's sorrow to oneself."

"So it is;—and there is not one in the world to whom I can speak such a word, except yourself. Is not that odd? I have sisters, but they have never heard of Miss Effingham, and would be quite indifferent."

"Perhaps they have some other favourites."

"Ah;—well. That does not matter. And my best friend here in London is Lord Chiltern's own sister."

"She knew of your attachment?"

"Oh, yes."

"And she told you of Miss Effingham's engagement. Was she glad of it?"

"She has always desired the marriage. And yet I think she would have been satisfied had it been otherwise. But of course her heart must be with her brother. I need not have troubled myself to go to Blankenberg after all."

"It was for the best, perhaps. Everybody says you behaved so well."

"I could not but go, as the things were there."

"What if you had — shot him?"

"There would have been an end of everything. She would never have seen me after that. Indeed I should have shot my-

self next, feeling that there was nothing else left for me to do."

"Ah,—you English are so peculiar. But I suppose it is best not to shoot a man. And, Mr. Finn, there are other ladies in the world prettier than Miss Violet Effingham. No;—of course you will not admit that now. Just at this moment, and for a month or two, she is peerless, and you will feel yourself to be of all men the most unfortunate. But you have the ball at your feet. I know no one so young who has got the ball at his feet so well. I call it nothing to have the ball at your feet if you are born with it there. It is so easy to be a lord if your father is one before you,—and so easy to marry a pretty girl if you can make her a countess. But to make yourself a lord, or to be as good as a lord, when nothing has been born to you,—that I call very much. And there are women, and pretty women, too, Mr. Finn, who have spirit enough to understand this, and to think that the man, after all, is more important than the lord." Then she sang the well-worn verse of the Scotch song with wonderful spirit, and with a clearness of voice and knowledge of music for which he had hitherto never given her credit.

"A prince can mak' a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
Guid faith he mauna fa' that."

"I did not know that you sang, Madame Goesler."

"Only now and then when something specially requires it. And I am very fond of Scotch songs. I will sing to you now if you like it." Then she sang the whole song.—"A man's a man for a' that," she said as she finished. "Even though he cannot get the special bit of painted Eve's flesh for which his heart has had a craving." Then she sang again:—

"There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
Who would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

"But young Lochinvar got his bride," said Phineas.

"Take the spirit of the lines, Mr. Finn, which is true; and not the tale as it is told, which is probably false. I often think that Jock of Hazledean, and young Lochinvar too, probably lived to repent their bargains. We will hope that Lord Chiltern may not do so."

"I am sure he never will."

"That is all right. And as for you, do

you for a while think of your politics, and your speeches, and your colonies, rather than of your love. You are at home there, and no Lord Chiltern can rob you of your success. And if you are down in the mouth, come to me, and I will sing you a Scotch song. And, look you, the next time I ask you to dinner I will promise you that Mrs. Bonteen shall not be here. Good bye." She gave him her hand, which was very soft, and left it for a moment in his, and he was consoled.

Madame Goesler, when she was alone, threw herself on to her chair and began to think of things. In these days she would often ask herself what in truth was the object of her ambition, and the aim of her life. Now at this moment she had in her hand a note from the Duke of Omnium. The Duke had allowed himself to say something about a photograph, which had justified her in writing to him—or which she had taken for such justification. And the Duke had replied. "He would not," he said, "lose the opportunity of waiting upon her in person which the presentation of the little gift might afford him." It would be a great success to have the Duke of Omnium at her house,—but to what would the success reach? What was her definite object,—or had she any? In what way could she make herself happy? She could not say that she was happy yet. The hours with her were too long and the days too many.

The Duke of Omnium should come,—if he would. And she was quite resolved as to this,—that if the Duke did come she would not be afraid of him. Heavens and earth! What would be the feelings of such a woman as her, were the world to greet her some fine morning as Duchess of Omnium! Then she made up her mind very resolutely on one subject. Should the Duke give her any opportunity she would take a very short time in letting him know what was the extent of her ambition.

#### CHAPTER LV.

##### LORD CHILTERN AT SAULSBY.

LORD CHILTERN did exactly as he said he would do. He wrote to his father as he passed through Carlisle, and at once went on to his hunting at Willingford. But his letter was very stiff and ungainly, and it may be doubted whether Miss Effingham was not wrong in refusing the offer which he had made to her as to the dictation of it. He began his letter, "My Lord," and did not much improve the style as he went on

with it. The reader may as well see the whole letter:—

"Railway Hotel, Carlisle,  
"December 27, 186—.

"MY LORD,

"I am now on my way from Loughlinter to London, and write this letter to you in compliance with a promise made by me to my sister and to Miss Effingham. I have asked Violet to be my wife, and she has accepted me, and they think that you will be pleased to hear that this has been done. I shall be, of course, obliged, if you will instruct Mr. Edwards to let me know what you propose to do in regard to settlements. Laura thinks that you will wish to see both Violet and myself at Saulsby. For myself, I can only say that, should you desire me to come, I will do so on receiving your assurance that I shall be treated neither with fatted calves nor with reproaches. I am not aware that I have deserved either.

"I am, my lord, your affect.,

"CHILTERN.

"P.S.—My address will be "The Bull, Willingford."

That last word, in which he half-declared himself to be joined in affectionate relations to his father, caused him a world of trouble. But he could find no term for expressing, without a circumlocution which was disagreeable to him, exactly that position of feeling towards his father which really belonged to him. He would have written "yours with affection," or "yours with deadly enmity," or "yours with respect," or "yours with most profound indifference," exactly in accordance with the state of his father's mind, if he had only known what was that state. He was afraid of going beyond his father in any offer of reconciliation, and was firmly fixed in his resolution that he would never be either repentant or submissive in regard to the past. If his father had wishes for the future, he would comply with them if he could do so without unreasonable inconvenience, but he would not give way a single point as to things done and gone. If his father should choose to make any reference to them, his father must prepare for battle.

The Earl was of course disgusted by the pertinacious obstinacy of his son's letter, and for an hour or two swore to himself that he would not answer it. But it is natural that the father should yearn for the son, while the son's feeling for the father is of a very much weaker nature. Here, at any rate, was that engagement made which he had ever desired. And his son had made a

step, though it was so very unsatisfactory a step, towards reconciliation. When the old man read the letter a second time, he skipped that reference to fatted calves which had been so peculiarly distasteful to him, and before the evening had passed he had answered his son as follows:—

“Saulsby, December 29, 186-.

“MY DEAR CHILTERN,

“I have received your letter, and am truly delighted to hear that dear Violet has accepted you as her husband. Her fortune will be very material to you, but she herself is better than any fortune. You have long known my opinion of her. I shall be proud to welcome her as a daughter to my house.

“I shall of course write to her immediately, and will endeavour to settle some early day for her coming here. When I have done so, I will write to you again, and can only say that I will endeavour to make Saulsby comfortable to you.

“Your affectionate father,

“BRENTFORD.

“Richards, the groom, is still here. You had perhaps better write to him direct about your horses.”

By the middle of February arrangements had all been made, and Violet met her lover at his father's house. She in the meantime had been with her aunt, and had undergone a good deal of mild unceasing persecution. “My dear Violet,” said her aunt to her on her arrival at Baddingham, speaking with a solemnity that ought to have been terrible to the young lady, “I do not know what to say to you.”

“Say ‘how d’you do?’ aunt,” said Violet.

“I mean about this engagement,” said Lady Baldock, with an increase of awe-inspiring severity in her voice.

“Say nothing about it at all, if you don't like it,” said Violet.

“How can I say nothing about it? How can I be silent? Or how am I to congratulate you?”

“The least said, perhaps, the soonest mended;” and Violet smiled as she spoke.

“That is very well, and if I had no duty to perform, I would be silent. But, Violet, you have been left in my charge. If I see you shipwrecked in life, I shall ever tell myself that the fault has been partly mine.”

“Nay, aunt, that will be quite unnecessary. I will always admit that you did everything in your power to — to — to — make me run straight, as the sporting men say.”

“Sporting men! Oh, Violet,”

“And you know, aunt, I still hope that I shall be found to have kept on the right side of the posts. You will find that poor Lord Chiltern is not so black as he is painted.”

“But why take anybody that is black at all?”

“I like a little shade in the picture, aunt.”

“Look at Lord Fawn.”

“I have looked at him.”

“A young nobleman beginning a career of useful official life, that will end in —; there is no knowing what it may end in.”

“I dare say not; — but it never could have begun or ended in my being Lady Fawn.”

“And Mr. Appledom!”

“Poor Mr. Appledom. I do like Mr. Appledom. But, you see, aunt, I like Lord Chiltern so much better. A young woman will go by her feelings.”

“And yet you refused him a dozen times.”

“I never counted the times, aunt; but not quite so many as that.”

The same thing was repeated over and over again during the month that Miss Effingham remained at Baddingham, but Lady Baldock had no power of interfering, and Violet bore her persecution bravely. Her future husband was generally spoken of as “that violent young man,” and hints were thrown out as to the personal injuries to which his wife might be possibly subjected. But the threatened bride only laughed, and spoke of these coming dangers as part of the general lot of married women. “I dare say, if the truth were known, my uncle Baldock did not always keep his temper,” she once said. Now, the truth was, as Violet well knew, that “my uncle Baldock” had been dumb as a sheep before the shearers in the hands of his wife, and had never been known to do anything improper by those who had been most intimate with him even in his earlier days. “Your uncle Baldock, miss,” said the outraged aunt, “was a nobleman as different in his manner of life from Lord Chiltern as chalk from cheese.” “But then comes the question, which is the cheese?” said Violet. Lady Baldock would not argue the question any further, but stalked out of the room.

Lady Laura Kennedy met them at Saulsby, having had something of a battle with her husband before she left her home to do so. When she told him of her desire to assist at this reconciliation between her father and brother, he replied by pointing out that her first duty was at Loughlinter, and be-

fore the interview was ended had come to express an opinion that that duty was very much neglected. She in the meantime had declared that she would go to Saulsby, or that she would explain to her father that she was forbidden by her husband to do so. "And I also forbid any such communication," said Mr. Kennedy. In answer to which, Lady Laura told him that there were some marital commands which she should not consider it to be her duty to obey. When matters had come to this pass, it may be conceived that both Mr. Kennedy and his wife were very unhappy. She had almost resolved that she would take steps to enable her to live apart from her husband; and he had begun to consider what course he would pursue if such steps were taken. The wife was subject to her husband by the laws both of God and man: and Mr. Kennedy was one who thought much of such laws. In the meantime, Lady Laura carried her point and went to Saulsby, leaving her husband to go up to London and begin the session by himself.

Lady Laura and Violet were both at Saulsby before Lord Chiltern arrived, and many were the consultations which were held between them as to the best mode in which things might be arranged. Violet was of opinion that there had better be no arrangement, that Chiltern should be allowed to come in and take his father's hand, and sit down to dinner, — and that so things should fall into their places. Lady Laura was rather in favour of some scene. But the interview had taken place before either of them were able to say a word. Lord Chiltern, on his arrival, had gone immediately to his father, taking the Earl very much by surprise, and had come off best in the encounter.

"My lord," said he, walking up to his father with his hand out, "I am very glad to come back to Saulsby." He had written to his sister to say that he would be at Saulsby on that day, but had named no hour. He now appeared between ten and eleven in the morning, and his father had as yet made no preparation for him, — had arranged no appropriate words. He had walked in at the front door, and had asked for the Earl. The Earl was in his own morning-room, — a gloomy room, full of dark books and darker furniture, and thither Lord Chiltern had at once gone. The two women still were sitting together over the fire in the breakfast-room, and knew nothing of his arrival.

"Oswald!" said his father, "I hardly expected you so early."

"I have come early. I came across

country, and slept at Birmingham. I suppose Violet is here."

"Yes, she is here, — and Laura. They will be very glad to see you. So am I." And the father took the son's hand for the second time.

"Thank you, sir," said Lord Chiltern, looking his father full in the face.

"I have been very much pleased by this engagement," continued the Earl.

"What do you think I must be, then?" said the son, laughing. "I have been at it, you know, off and on, ever so many years; and have sometimes thought I was quite a fool not to get it out of my head. But I couldn't get it out of my head. And now she talks as though it were she who had been in love with me all the time!"

"Perhaps she was," said the father.

"I don't believe it in the least. She may be a little so now."

"I hope you mean that she always shall be so."

"I shan't be the worst husband in the world, I hope; and I am quite sure I shan't be the best. I will go and see her now. I suppose I shall find her somewhere in the house. I thought it best to see you first."

"Stop half a moment, Oswald," said the Earl. And then Lord Brentford did make something of a shambling speech, in which he expressed a hope that they two might for the future live together on friendly terms, forgetting the past. He ought to have been prepared for the occasion, and the speech was poor and shambling. But I think that it was more useful than it might have been, had it been uttered roundly and with that paternal and almost majestic effect which he would have achieved had he been thoroughly prepared. But the roundness and the majesty would have gone against the grain with his son, and there would have been danger of some outbreak. As it was, Lord Chiltern smiled, and muttered some word about things being "all right," and then made his way out of the room. "That's a great deal better than I had hoped," he said to himself; "and it has all come from my going in without being announced." But there was still a fear upon him that his father even yet might prepare a speech, and speak it, to the great peril of their mutual comfort.

His meeting with Violet was of course pleasant enough. Now that she had succumbed, and had told herself and had told him that she loved him, she did not scruple to be as generous as a maiden should be who has acknowledged herself to be conquered, and has rendered herself to the conqueror. She would walk with him and ride with

him, and take a lively interest in the performances of all his horses, and listen to hunting stories as long as he chose to tell them. In all this, she was so good and so loving that Lady Laura was more than once tempted to throw in her teeth her old, often-repeated assertions, that she was not prone to be in love, — that it was not her nature to feel any ardent affection for a man, and that, therefore, she would probably remain unmarried. "You begrudge me my little bits of pleasure," Violet said, in answer to one such attack. "No; — but it is so odd to see you, of all women, become so love-lorn." "I am not love-lorn," said Violet, "but I like the freedom of telling him everything and of hearing everything from him, and of having him for my own best friend. He might go away for twelve months, and I should not be unhappy, believing, as I do, that he would be true to me." All of which set Lady Laura thinking whether her friend had not been wiser than she had been. She had never known anything of that sort of friendship with her husband which already seemed to be quite established between these two.

In her misery one day Lady Laura told the whole story of her own unhappiness to her brother, saying nothing of Phineas Finn, — thinking nothing of him as she told her story, but speaking more strongly perhaps than she should have done, of the terrible dreariness of her life at Loughlinter, and of her inability to induce her husband to alter it for her sake.

"Do you mean that he, — ill-treats you?" said the brother, with a scowl on his face which seemed to indicate that he would like no task better than that of resenting such ill-treatment.

"He does not beat me, if you mean that."

"Is he cruel to you? Does he use harsh language?"

"He never said a word in his life either to me or, as I believe, to any other human being, that he would think himself bound to regret."

"What is it, then?"

"He simply chooses to have his own way, and his way cannot be my way. He is hard, and dry, and just, and dispassionate, and he wishes me to be the same. That is all."

"I tell you fairly, Laura, as far as I am concerned, I never could speak to him. He is antipathetic to me. But then I am not his wife."

"I am; — and I suppose I must bear it."

"Have you spoken to my father?"

"No."

"Or to Violet?"

"Yes."

"And what does she say?"

"What can she say? She has nothing to say. Nor have you. Nor, if I am driven to leave him, can I make the world understand why I do so. To be simply miserable, as I am, is nothing to the world."

"I could never understand why you married him."

"Do not be cruel to me, Oswald."

"Cruel! I will stick by you in any way that you wish. If you think well of it, I will go off to Loughlinter to-morrow, and tell him that you will never return to him. And if you are not safe from him here at Saulsby, you shall go abroad with us. I am sure Violet would not object. I will not be cruel to you."

But in truth neither of Lady Laura's councillors were able to give her advice that could serve her. She felt that she could not leave her husband without other cause than now existed, although she felt, also, that to go back to him was to go back to utter wretchedness. And when she saw Violet and her brother together there came to her dreams of what might have been her own happiness had she kept herself free from those terrible bonds in which she was now held a prisoner. She could not get out of her heart the remembrance of that young man who would have been her lover, if she would have let him, — of whose love for herself she had been aware before she had handed herself over as a bale of goods to her unloved, unloving husband. She had married Mr. Kennedy because she was afraid that otherwise she might find herself forced to own that she loved that other man who was then a nobody; — almost a nobody. It was not Mr. Kennedy's money that had bought her. This woman in regard to money had shown herself to be as generous as the sun. But in marrying Mr. Kennedy she had maintained herself in her high position, among the first of her own people, — among the first socially and among the first politically. But had she married Phineas, — had she become Lady Laura Finn, — there would have been a great descent. She could not have entertained the leading men of her party. She would not have been on a level with the wives and daughters of Cabinet Ministers. She might, indeed, have remained unmarried! But she knew that had she done so, — had she so resolved, — that which she called her fancy would have been too strong for her. She

would not have remained unmarried. At that time it was her fate to be either Lady Laura Kennedy or Lady Laura Finn. And she had chosen to be Lady Laura Kennedy. To neither Violet Effingham nor to her brother could she tell one half of the sorrow which afflicted her.

"I shall go back to Loughlinter," she said to her brother.

"Do not unless you wish it," he answered.

"I do not wish it. But I shall do it. Mr. Kennedy is in London now, and has been there since Parliament met, but he will be in Scotland again in March, and I will go and meet him there. I told him that I would do so when I left."

"But you will go up to London?"

"I suppose so. I must do as he tells me, of course. What I mean is, I will try it for another year."

"If it does not succeed, come to us."

"I cannot say what I will do. I would die if I knew how. Never be a tyrant, Oswald; or at any rate, not a cold tyrant. And remember this, there is no tyranny to a woman like telling her of her duty. Talk of beating a woman! Beating might often be a mercy."

Lord Chiltern remained ten days at Saulsby, and at last did not get away without a few unpleasant words with his father, — or without a few words that were almost unpleasant with his mistress. On his first arrival he had told his sister that he should go on a certain day, and some intimation to this effect had probably been conveyed to the Earl. But when his son told him one evening that the postchaise had been ordered for seven o'clock the next morning, he felt that his son was ungracious and abrupt. There were many things still to be said, and indeed there had been no speech of any account made at all as yet.

"That is very sudden," said the Earl.

"I thought Laura had told you."

"She has not told me a word lately. She may have said something before you came here. What is there to hurry you?"

"I thought ten days would be as long as you would care to have me here, and as I said that I would be back by the first, I would rather not change my plans."

"You are going to hunt?"

"Yes; — I shall hunt till the end of March."

"You might have hunted here, Oswald." But the son made no sign of changing his plans; and the father, seeing that he would not change them, became solemn and severe. There were a few words which he must say to his son, — something of a speech that he must make; — so he led the

way into the room with the dark books and the dark furniture, and pointed to a great deep arm-chair for his son's accommodation. But as he did not sit down himself, neither did Lord Chiltern. Lord Chiltern understood very well how great is the advantage of a standing orator over a sitting recipient of his oratory, and that advantage he would not give to his father. "I had hoped to have an opportunity of saying a few words to you about the future," said the Earl.

"I think we shall be married in July," said Lord Chiltern.

"So I have heard; — but after that. Now I do not want to interfere, Oswald, and of course the less so, because Violet's money will to a great degree restore the inroads which have been made upon the property."

"It will more than restore them altogether."

"Not if her estate be settled on a second son, Oswald, and I hear from Lord Baldock that that is the wish of her relations."

"She shall have her own way, — as she ought. What that way is I do not know. I have not even asked her about it. She asked me, and I told her to speak to you."

"Of course I should wish it to go with the family property. Of course that would be best."

"She shall have her own way, — as far as I am concerned."

"But it is not about that, Oswald, that I would speak. What are your plans of life when you are married?"

"Plans of life?"

"Yes; — plans of life. I suppose you have some plans. I suppose you mean to apply yourself to some useful occupation?"

"I don't know really, sir, that I am of much use for any purpose." Lord Chiltern laughed as he said this, but did not laugh pleasantly.

"You would not be a drone in the hive always?"

"As far as I can see, sir, we who call ourselves lords generally are drones."

"I deny it," said the Earl, becoming quite energetic as he defended his order.

"I deny it utterly. I know no class of men who do work more useful or more honest. Am I a drone? Have I been so from my youth upwards? I have always worked, either in the one House or in the other, and those of my fellows with whom I have been most intimate have worked also. The same career is open to you."

"You mean politics?"

"Of course I mean politics."

"I don't care for politics. I see no difference in parties."

"But you should care for politics, and you should see a difference in parties. It is your duty to do so. My wish is that you should go into Parliament."

"I can't do that, sir."

"And why not?"

"In the first place, sir, you have not got a seat to offer me. You have managed matters among you in such a way that poor little Loughton has been swallowed up. If I were to canvass the electors of Smotherum, I don't think that many would look very sweet on me."

"There is the country, Oswald."

"And whom am I to turn out? I should spend four or five thousand pounds, and have nothing but vexation in return for it. I had rather not begin that game, and indeed I am too old for Parliament. I did not take it up early enough to believe in it."

All this made the Earl very angry, and from these things they went on to worse things. When questioned again as to the future, Lord Chiltern scowled, and at last declared that it was his idea to live abroad in the summer for his wife's recreation, and somewhere down in the shires during the winter for his own. He would admit of no purpose higher than recreation, and when his father again talked to him of a nobleman's duty, he said that he knew of no other special duty than that of not exceeding his income. Then his father made a longer speech than before, and at the end of it Lord Chiltern simply wished him good-night. "It's getting late, and I've promised to see Violet before I go to bed. Good-bye." Then he was off, and Lord Brentford was left there, standing with his back to the fire.

After that Lord Chiltern had a discussion with Violet which lasted nearly half the night; and during the discussion she told him more than once that he was wrong. "Such as I am you must take me, or leave me," he said in anger. "Nay;—there is no choice now," she answered. "I have taken you, and I will stick by you,—whether you are right or wrong. But when I think you wrong, I shall say so." He swore to her as he pressed her to his heart that she was the finest, grandest, sweetest woman that ever the world had produced. But still there was present on his palate, when he left her, the bitter taste of her reprimand.

#### CHAPTER LVI.

#### WHAT THE PEOPLE OF MARYLEBONE THOUGHT.

PHINEAS FINN, when the session began, was still hard at work upon his Canada bill,

and in his work found some relief for his broken back. He went into the matter with all his energy, and before the debate came on, knew much more about the seven thousand inhabitants of some hundreds of thousands of square miles at the back of Canada, than he did of the people of London or of County Clare. And he found some consolation also in the good-nature of Madame Goesler, whose drawing-room was always open to him. He could talk freely now to Madame Goesler about Violet, and had even ventured to tell her that once, in old days, he had thought of loving Lady Laura Standish. He spoke of those days as being very old; and then he perhaps said some word to her about dear little Mary Flood Jones. I think that there was not much in his career of which he did not say something to Madame Goesler, and that he received from her a good deal of excellent advice and encouragement in the direction of his political ambition. "A man should work," she said,—"and you do work. A woman can only look on, and admire and long. What is there that I can do? I can learn to care for these Canadians, just because you care for them. If it was the beavers that you told me of, I should have to care for the beavers." Then Phineas of course told her that such sympathy from her was all in all to him. But the reader must not on this account suppose that he was untrue in his love to Violet Effingham. His back was altogether broken by his fall, and he was quite aware that such was the fact. Not as yet, at least, had come to him any remotest idea that a cure was possible.

Early in March he heard that Lady Laura was up in town, and of course he was bound to go to her. The information was given to him by Mr. Kennedy himself, who told him that he had been to Scotland to fetch her. In these days there was an acknowledged friendship between these two, but there was no intimacy. Indeed, Mr. Kennedy was a man who was hardly intimate with any other man. With Phineas he now and then exchanged a few words in the lobby of the House, and when they chanced to meet each other they met as friends. Mr. Kennedy had no strong wish to see again in his house the man respecting whom he had ventured to caution his wife; but he was thoughtful; and thinking over it all, he found it better to ask him there. No one must know that there was any reason why Phineas should not come to his house;—especially as all the world knew that Phineas had protected him from the garrotters. "Lady Laura is in town now," he said; "you must go and see her before long."

Phineas of course promised that he would go.

In these days Phineas was beginning to be aware that he had enemies, — though he could not understand why anybody should be his enemy now that Violet Effingham had decided against him. There was poor dear Laurence Fitzgibbon, indeed, whom he had superseded at the Colonial office, but Laurence Fitzgibbon, to give merit where merit was due, felt no animosity against him at all. "You're welcome, me boy; you're welcome, — as far as yourself goes. But as for the party, badad, it's rotten to the core, and won't stand another session. Mind, it's I who tell you so." And the poor idle Irishman in so speaking, spoke the truth as well as he knew it. But the Ratlers and the Bonteens were Finn's bitter foes, and did not scruple to let him know that such was the case. Barrington Erle had scruples on the subject, and in a certain mildly apologetic way still spoke well of the young man, whom he had himself first introduced to political life only four years since; — but there was no earnestness or cordiality in Barrington Erle's manner, and Phineas knew that his first staunch friend could no longer be regarded as a pillar of support. But there was a set of men, quite as influential, — so Phineas thought, — as the busy politicians of the club, who were very friendly to him. These were men, generally of high position, of steady character, — hard workers, — who thought quite as much of what a man did in his office as of what he said in the House. Lords Cantrip, Thrift, and Fawn were of this class, — and they were all very courteous to Phineas. Envious men began to say of him that he cared little now for any one of the party who had not a handle to his name, and that he preferred to live with lords and lordlings. This was hard upon him, as the great political ambition of his life was to call Mr. Monk his friend; and he would sooner have acted with Mr. Monk than with any other man in the cabinet. But, though Mr. Monk had not deserted him, there had come to be little of late in common between the two. His life was becoming that of a parliamentary official rather than that of a politician; — whereas, though Mr. Monk was in office, his public life was purely political. Mr. Monk had great ideas of his own which he intended to hold, whether by holding them he might remain in office or be forced out of office; and he was indifferent as to the direction which things in this respect might take with him. But Phineas, who had achieved his declared object in getting into place, felt that he was almost constrained

to adopt the views of others, let them be what they might. Men spoke to him as though his parliamentary career were wholly at the disposal of the government, — as though he were like a proxy in Mr. Gresham's pocket, — with this difference, that when directed to get up and speak on a subject he was bound to do so. This annoyed him, and he complained to Mr. Monk; but Mr. Monk only shrugged his shoulders and told him that he must make his choice. He soon discovered Mr. Monk's meaning. "If you choose to make Parliament a profession, — as you have chosen, — you can have no right even to think of independence. If the country finds you out when you are in Parliament, and then invites you to office, of course the thing is different. But the latter is a slow career, and probably would not have suited you." That was the meaning of what Mr. Monk said to him. After all, these official and parliamentary honours were greater when seen at a distance than he found them to be now that he possessed them. Mr. Low worked ten hours a day, and could rarely call a day his own; but, after all, with all this work, Mr. Low was less of a slave, was more independent, than was he, Phineas Finn, Under-Secretary of State, the friend of Cabinet Ministers, and Member of Parliament since his twenty-fifth year! He began to dislike the House, and to think it a bore to sit on the Treasury bench; — he, who a few years since had regarded Parliament as the British heaven on earth, and who, since he had been in Parliament, had looked at that bench with longing envious eyes. Laurence Fitzgibbon, who seemed to have as much to eat and drink as ever, and a bed also to lie on, could come and go in the House as he pleased, since his — resignation!

And there was a new trouble coming. The Reform Bill for England had passed; but now there was to be another Reform Bill for Ireland. Let them pass what bill they might, this would not render necessary a new Irish election till the entire House should be dissolved. But he feared he should be called upon to vote for the abolition of his own borough, — and for other points almost equally distasteful to him. He knew that he would not be consulted, — but would be called upon to vote, and perhaps to speak; and was certain that if he did so, there would be war between him and his constituents. Lord Tulla had already communicated to him his ideas that for certain excellent reasons Loughshane ought to be spared. But this evil was, he hoped, a distant one. It was generally thought that,

as the English Reform Bill had been passed last year, and as the Irish bill, if carried, could not be immediately operative, the doing of the thing might probably be postponed to the next session.

When he first saw Lady Laura he was struck by the great change in her look and manner. She seemed to him to be old and worn, and he judged her to be wretched, — as she was. She had written to him to say that she would be at her father's house on such and such a morning, and he had gone to her there. "It is no use your coming to Grosvenor Place," she said. "I see nobody there, and the house is like a prison." Later in the interview she told him not to come and dine there, even though Mr. Kennedy should ask him.

"And why not?" he demanded.

"Because everything would be stiff, and cold, and uncomfortable. I suppose you do not wish to make your way into a lady's house if she asks you not." There was a sort of smile on her face as she said this, but he could perceive that it was a very bitter smile. "You can easily excuse yourself."

"Yes, I can excuse myself."

"Then do so. If you are particularly anxious to dine with Mr. Kennedy, you can easily do so at your club." In the tone of her voice, and the words she used, she hardly attempted to conceal her dislike of her husband.

"And now tell me about Miss Effingham," he said.

"There is nothing for me to tell."

"Yes, there is; — much to tell. You need not spare me. I do not pretend to deny to you that I have been hit hard, — so hard, that I have been nearly knocked down; but it will not hurt me now to hear of it all. Did she always love him?"

"I cannot say. I think she did after her own fashion."

"I sometimes think women would be less cruel," he said, "if they knew how great is the anguish they can cause."

"Has she been cruel to you?"

"I have nothing to complain of. But if she loved Chiltern, why did she not tell him so at once? And why —"

"This is complaining, Mr. Finn."

"I will not complain. I would not even think of it, if I could help it. Are they to be married soon?"

"In July; — so they now say."

"And where will they live?"

"Ah! no one can tell. I do not think that they agree as yet as to that. But if she has a strong wish Oswald will yield to it. He was always generous."

"I would not even have had a wish, — except to have her with me."

There was a pause for a moment, and then Lady Laura answered him with a touch of scorn in her voice, — and with some scorn, too, in her eye; — "That is all very well, Mr. Finn; but the season will not be over before there is some one else."

"There you wrong me."

"They tell me that you are already at Madame Goesler's feet."

"Madame Goesler!"

"What matters who it is as long as she is young and pretty, and has the interest attached to her of something more than ordinary position? When men tell me of the cruelty of women, I think that no woman can be really cruel because no man is capable of suffering. A woman, if she is thrown aside, does suffer."

"Do you mean to tell me, then, that I am indifferent to Miss Effingham?" When he thus spoke, I wonder whether he had forgotten that he had ever declared to this very woman to whom he was speaking, a passion for herself.

"Psha!"

"It suits you, Lady Laura, to be harsh to me, but you are not speaking your thoughts."

Then she lost all control of herself, and poured out to him the real truth that was in her. "And whose thoughts did you speak when you and I were on the braes of Loughlinter? Am I wrong in saying that change is easy to you, or have I grown to be so old that you can talk to me as though those far away follies ought to be forgotten? Was it so long ago? Talk of love! I tell you, sir, that your heart is one in which love can have no durable hold. Violet Effingham! There may be a dozen Violets after her, and you will be none the worse." Then she walked away from him to the window, and he stood still, dumb, on the spot that he had occupied. "You had better go now," she said, "and forget what has passed between us. I know that you are a gentleman, and that you will forget it." The strong idea of his mind when he heard all this was the injustice of her attack, — of the attack as coming from her, who had all but openly acknowledged that she had married a man whom she had not loved because it suited her to escape from a man whom she did love. She was reproaching him now for his fickleness in having ventured to set his heart upon another woman, when she herself had been so much worse than fickle, — so profoundly false! And yet he could not defend himself by accusing her. What would she have had of him? What

would she have proposed to him, had he questioned her as to his future, when they were together on the braes of Loughlinter? Would she not have bid him to find some one else whom he could love? Would she then have suggested to him the propriety of nursing his love for herself,—for her who was about to become another man's wife,—for her after she should have become another man's wife? And yet, because he had not done so, and because she had made herself wretched by marrying a man whom she did not love, she reproached him!

He could not tell her of all this, so he fell back for his defence on words which had passed between them since the day when they had met on the braes. "Lady Laura," he said, "it is only a month or two since you spoke to me as though you wished that Violet Effingham might be my wife."

"I never wished it. I never said that I wished it. There are moments in which we try to give a child any brick on the chimney top for which it may whimper." Then there was another silence which she was the first to break. "You had better go," she said. "I know that I have committed myself, and of course I would rather be alone."

"And what would you wish that I should do?"

"Do?" she said. "What you do can be nothing to me."

"Must we be strangers, you and I, because there was a time in which we were almost more than friends?"

"I have spoken nothing about myself, sir,—only as I have been drawn to do so by your pretence of being love-sick. You can do nothing for me,—nothing,—nothing. What is it possible that you should do for me? You are not my father, or my brother." It is not to be supposed that she wanted him to fall at her feet. It is to be supposed that had he done so her reproaches would have been hot and heavy on him; but yet it almost seemed to him as though he had no other alternative. No!—He was not her father or her brother;—nor could he be her husband. And at this very moment, as she knew, his heart was sore with love for another woman. And yet he hardly knew how not to throw himself at her feet, and swear, that he would return now and for ever to his old passion, hopeless, sinful, degraded as it would be.

"I wish it were possible for me to do something," he said, drawing near to her.

"There is nothing to be done," she said; clasping her hands together. "For me nothing. I have before me no escape, no

hope, no prospect of relief, no place of consolation. You have everything before you. You complain of a wound! You have at least shown, that such wounds with you are capable of cure. You cannot but feel that when I hear your wailings, I must be impatient. You had better leave me now, if you please."

"And are we to be no longer friends?" he asked.

"As far as friendship can go without intercourse, I shall always be your friend."

Then he went, and as he walked down to his office, so intent was he on that which had just passed that he hardly saw the people as he met them, or was aware of the streets through which his way led him. There had been something in the later words which Lady Laura had spoken that had made him feel almost unconsciously that the injustice of her reproaches was not so great as he had at first felt it to be, and that she had some cause for her scorn. If her case was such as she had so plainly described it, what was his plight as compared with hers? He had lost his Violet, and was in pain. There must be much of suffering before him. But though Violet were lost, the world was not all blank before his eyes. He had not told himself, even in his dreariest moments, that there was before him "no escape, no hope, no prospect of relief, no place of consolation." And then he began to think whether this must in truth be the case with Lady Laura. What if Mr. Kennedy were to die? What in such case as that would he do? In ten or perhaps in five years time might it not be possible for him to go through the ceremony of falling upon his knees, with stiffened joints indeed, but still with something left of the ardour of his old love, of his oldest love of all?

As he was thinking of this he was brought up short in his walk as he was entering the Green Park beneath the Duke's figure, by Laurence Fitzgibbon. "How dare you not be in your office at such an hour as this, Finn, my boy,—or, at least, not in the House,—or serving your masters after some fashion?" said the late Under-Secretary.

"So I am. I've been on a message to Marylebone, to find what the people there think about the Canadas."

"And what do they think about the Canadas in Marylebone?"

"Not one man in a thousand cares whether the Canadians prosper or fail to prosper. They care that Canada should not go to the States, because,—though they don't love the Canadians, they do hate

the Americans. That's about the feeling in Marylebone, — and it's astonishing how like the Maryleboners are to the rest of the world."

"Dear me, what a fellow you are for an Under-Secretary! You've heard the news about little Violet."

"What news?"

"She has quarrelled with Chiltern, you know."

"Who says so?"

"Never mind who says so, but they tell me it's true. Take an old friend's advice, and strike while the iron's hot."

Phineas did not believe what he had heard, but though he did not believe it, still the tidings set his heart beating. He would have believed it less perhaps had he known that Laurence had just received the news from Mrs. Bonteen.

#### CHAPTER LVII.

##### THE TOP BRICK OF THE CHIMNEY.

MADAME MAX GOESLER was a lady who knew that in fighting the battles which fell to her lot in arranging the social difficulties which she found in her way, in doing the work of the world which came to her share, very much more care was necessary, — and care too about things apparently trifling, — than was demanded by the affairs of people in general. And this was not the case so much on account of any special disadvantage under which she laboured, as because she was ambitious of doing the very uttermost with those advantages which she possessed. Her own birth had not been high, and that of her husband, we may perhaps say, had been very low. He had been old when she had married him, and she had had little power of making any progress till he had left her a widow. Then she found herself possessed of money, certainly; of wit, — as she believed; and of a something in her personal appearance which, as she plainly told herself, she might perhaps palm off upon the world as beauty. She was a woman who did not flatter herself, who did not strongly believe in herself, who could even bring herself to wonder that men and women in high position should condescend to notice such a one as her. With all her ambition, there was a something of genuine humility about her; and with all the hardness she had learned, there was a touch of womanly softness which would sometimes obtrude itself upon her heart. When she found a woman really kind to her, she would be very kind in return. And though she prized wealth, and knew that her money

was her only rock of strength, she could be lavish with it, as though it were dirt.

But she was highly ambitious, and she played her game with great skill and great caution. Her doors were not open to all callers; — were shut even to some who find but few doors closed against them; — were shut occasionally to those whom she most specially wished to see within them. She knew how to allure by denying, and to make the gift rich by delaying it. We are told by the Latin proverb that he who gives quickly gives twice; but I say that she who gives quickly seldom gives more than half. When in the early spring the Duke of Omnium first knocked at Madame Max Goesler's door, he was informed that she was not at home. The Duke felt very cross as he handed his card-out of his dark green brougham, — on the panel of which there was no blazon to tell of the owner's rank. He was very cross. She had told him that she was always at home between four and six on a Thursday. He had condescended to remember the information, and had acted upon it, — and now she was not at home! She was not at home, though he had come on a Thursday at the very hour she had named to him. Any duke would have been cross, but the Duke of Omnium was particularly cross. No; — he certainly would give himself no further trouble by going to the cottage in Park Lane. And yet Madame Max Goesler had been in her own drawing-room, while the Duke was handing out his card from the brougham below.

On the next morning there came to him a note from the cottage, — such a pretty note! — so penitent, so full of remorse, — and, which was better still, so laden with disappointment, that he forgave her.

"MY DEAR DUKE,

"I hardly know how to apologise to you, after having told you that I am always at home on Thursdays; and I was at home yesterday when you called. But I was unwell, and I had told the servant to deny me, not thinking how much I might be losing. Indeed, indeed, I would not have given way to a silly headache, had I thought your Grace would have been here. I suppose that now I must not even hope for the photograph.

"Yours penitently,

"MARIE M. G."

The note-paper was very pretty note-paper, hardly scented, and yet conveying a sense of something sweet, and the monogram was small and new, and fantastic without being grotesque, and the writing

was of that sort which the Duke, having much experience, had learned to like, — and there was something in the signature which pleased him. So he wrote a reply, —

"DEAR MADAME MAX GOESLER,

"I will call again next Thursday, or, if prevented, will let you know.

"Yours faithfully,

"O."

When the green brougham drew up at the door of the cottage on the next Thursday, Madame Goesler was at home, and had no headache.

She was not at all penitent now. She had probably studied the subject, and had resolved that penitence was more alluring in a letter than when acted in person. She received her guest with perfect ease, and apologised for the injury done to him in the preceding week, with much self-complacency. "I was so sorry when I got your card," she said; "and yet I am so glad now that you were refused.

"If you were ill," said the Duke, "it was better."

"I was horribly ill, to tell the truth; — as pale as a death's head, and without a word to say for myself. I was fit to see no one."

"Then of course you were right."

"But it flashed upon me immediately that I had named a day, and that you had been kind enough to remember it. But I did not think you came to London till the March winds were over."

"The March winds blow everywhere in this wretched island, Madame Goesler, and there is no escaping them. Youth may prevail against them; but on me they are so potent that I think they will succeed in driving me out of my country. I doubt whether an old man should ever live in England if he can help it."

The Duke certainly was an old man, if a man turned of seventy be old; — and he was a man too who did not bear his years with hearty strength. He moved slowly, and turned his limbs, when he did turn them, as though the joints were stiff in their sockets. But there was nevertheless about him a dignity of demeanour, a majesty of person, and an upright carriage which did not leave an idea of old age as the first impress on the minds of those who encountered the Duke of Omnium. He was tall and moved without a stoop; and though he moved slowly, he had learned to seem so to do because it was the proper kind of movement for one so high up in the world as himself. And perhaps his

tailor did something for him. He had not been long under Madame Max Goesler's eyes before she perceived that his tailor had done a good deal for him. When he alluded to his own age and to her youth, she said some pleasant little word as to the difference between oak-trees and currant-bushes; and by that time she was seated comfortably on her sofa, and the Duke was on a chair before her, — just as might have been any man who was not a Duke.

After a little time the photograph was brought forth from his Grace's pocket. That bringing out and giving of photographs, with the demand for counter photographs, is the most absurd practice of the day. "I don't think I look very nice, do I?" "Oh yes; — very nice; but a little too old; and certainly you haven't got those spots all over your forehead." These are the remarks which on such occasions are the most common. It may be said that to give a photograph or to take a photograph without the utterance of some words which would be felt by a bystander to be absurd, is almost an impossibility. At this moment there was no bystander, and therefore the Duke and the lady had no need for caution. Words were spoken that were very absurd. Madame Goesler protested that the Duke's photograph was more to her than the photographs of all the world beside; and the Duke declared that he would carry the lady's picture next to his heart, — I am afraid he said for ever and ever. Then he took her hand and pressed it, and was conscious that for a man over seventy years of age he did that kind of thing very well.

"You will come and dine with me, Duke?" she said, when he began to talk of going.

"I never dine out."

"That is just the reason you should dine with me. You shall meet nobody you do not wish to meet."

"I would so much rather see you in this way, — I would indeed. I do dine out occasionally, but it is at big formal parties, which I cannot escape without giving offence."

"And you cannot escape my little not formal party, — without giving offence." She looked into his face as she spoke, and he knew that she meant it. And he looked into hers, and thought that her eyes were brighter than any he was in the habit of seeing in these latter days. "Name your own day, Duke. Will a Sunday suit you?"

"If I must come —"

"You must come." As she spoke her eyes sparkled more and more, and her colour

went and came, and she shook her curls till they emitted through the air the same soft feeling of a perfume that her note had produced. Then her foot peeped out from beneath the black and yellow drapery of her dress, and the Duke saw that it was perfect. And she put out her finger and touched his arm as she spoke. Her hand was very fair, and her fingers were bright with rich gems. To a man such as the Duke, a hand, to be quite fair, should be bright with rich gems. "You must come," she said, — not imploring him now but commanding him.

"Then I will come," he answered, and a certain Sunday was fixed.

The arranging of the guests was a little difficulty, till Madame Goesler begged the Duke to bring with him Lady Glencora Palliser, his nephew's wife. This at last he agreed to do. As the wife of his nephew and heir, Lady Glencora was to the Duke all that a woman could be. She was everything that was proper as to her own conduct, and not obtrusive as to his. She did not bore him, and yet she was attentive. Although in her husband's house she was a fierce politician, in his house she was simply an attractive woman. "Ah; she is very clever," the Duke once said; "she adapts herself. If she were to go from any one place to any other, she would be at home in both." And the movement of his Grace's hand as he spoke seemed to indicate the widest possible sphere for travelling and the widest possible scope for adaptation. The dinner was arranged, and went off very pleasantly. Madame Goesler's eyes were not quite so bright as they were during that morning visit, nor did she touch her guest's arm in a manner so alluring. She was very quiet, allowing her guests to do most of the talking. But the dinner and the flowers and the wine were excellent, and the whole thing was so quiet that the Duke liked it. "And now you must come and dine with me," the Duke said as he took his leave. "A command to that effect will be one which I certainly shall not disobey," whispered Madame Goesler.

"I am afraid he is going to get fond of that woman." These words were spoken early on the following morning by Lady Glencora to her husband, Mr. Palliser.

"He is always getting fond of some woman, and he will to the end," said Mr. Palliser.

"But this Madame Max Goesler is very clever."

"So they tell me. I have generally thought that my uncle likes talking to a fool the best."

"Every man likes a clever woman the

best," said Lady Glencora, "if the clever woman only knows how to use her cleverness."

"I'm sure I hope he'll be amused," said Mr. Palliser innocently. "A little amusement is all that he cares for now."

"Suppose you were told some day that he was going — to be married?" said Lady Glencora.

"My uncle married!"

"Why not he as well as another?"

"And to Madame Goesler?"

"If he be ever married it will be to some such woman."

"There is not a man in all England who thinks more of his own position than my uncle," said Mr. Palliser somewhat proudly, — almost with a touch of anger.

"That is all very well, Plantagenet, and true enough in a kind of way. But a child will sacrifice all that it has for the top brick of the chimney, and old men sometimes become children. You would not like to be told some morning that there was a little Lord Silverbridge in the world." Now the eldest son of the Duke of Omnium, when the Duke of Omnium had a son, was called the Earl of Silverbridge; and Mr. Palliser, when this question was asked him, became very pale. Mr. Palliser knew well how thoroughly the cunning of the serpent was joined to the purity of the dove in the person of his wife, and he was sure that there was cause for fear when she hinted at danger.

"Perhaps you had better keep your eye upon him," he said to his wife.

"And upon her," said Lady Glencora.

When Madame Goesler dined at the Duke's house in St. James's Square there was a large party, and Lady Glencora knew that there was no need for apprehension then. Indeed Madame Goesler was no more than any other guest, and the Duke hardly spoke to her. There was a duchess there, — the Duchess of St. Bungay, and old Lady Hartleap, who was a dowager marchioness, — an old lady who pestered the Duke very sorely, — and Madame Max Goesler received her reward, and knew that she was receiving it, in being asked to meet these people. Would not all these names, including her own, be blazoned to the world in the columns of the next day's "Morning Post"? There was no absolute danger here, as Lady Glencora knew; and Lady Glencora, who was tolerant and begrudged nothing to Madame Max except the one thing, was quite willing to meet the lady at such a grand affair as this. But the Duke, even should he become ever so childish a child in his old age, still would have

that plain green brougham at his command, and could go anywhere in that at any hour in the day. And then Madame Goesler was so manifestly a clever woman. A Duchess of Omnium might be said to fill, — in the estimation, at any rate, of English people, — the highest position in the world short of royalty. And the reader will remember that Lady Glencora intended to be a Duchess of Omnium herself, — unless some very unexpected event should intrude itself. She intended also that her little boy, her fair-haired, curly-pated, bold-faced little boy, should be Earl of Silverbridge when the sand of the old man should have run itself out. Heavens, what a blow would it be, should some little wizen-cheeked half-monkey baby, with black, brown, and yellow skin be brought forward and shown to her some day as the heir! What a blow to herself; — and what a blow to all England! "We can't prevent it if he chooses to do it," said her husband, who had his budget to bring forward that very night, and who in truth cared more for his budget than he did for his heirship at that moment. "But we must prevent it," said Lady Glencora. "If I stick to him by the tail of his coat, I'll prevent it." At the time when she thus spoke, the dark green brougham had been twice again brought up at the door in Park Lane. And the brougham was now standing there for a third time.

It was May now, the latter end of May, and the park opposite was beautiful with green things, and the air was soft and balmy, as it will be sometimes even in May, and the flowers in the balcony were full of perfume, and the charm of London, — what London can be to the rich, — was at its height. The Duke was sitting in Madame Goesler's drawing-room, at some distance from her, for she had retreated. The Duke had a habit of taking her hand, which she never would permit for above a few seconds. At such times she would show no anger, but would retreat.

"Marie," said the Duke, "you will go abroad when the summer is over." As an old man he had taken the privilege of calling her Marie, and she had not forbidden it.

"Yes, probably; to Vienna. I have

property in Vienna, you know, which must be looked after."

"Do not mind Vienna this year. Come to Italy."

"What! in summer, Duke?"

"The lakes are charming in August. I have a villa on Como which is empty now, and I think I shall go there. If you do not know the Italian lakes, I shall be so happy to show them to you."

"I know them well, my lord. When I was young I was on the Maggiore almost alone. Some day I will tell you a history of what I was in those days."

"You shall tell it me there."

"No, my lord, I fear not. I have no villa there."

"Will you not accept the loan of mine? It shall be all your own while you use it."

"My own, — to deny the right of entrance to its owner?"

"If it so pleases you."

"It would not please me. It would so far from please me that I will never put myself in a position that might make it possible for me to require to do so. No, Duke; it behoves me to live in houses of my own. Women of whom more is known can afford to be your guests."

"Marie, I would have no other guest than you."

"It cannot be so, Duke."

"And why not?"

"Why not? Am I to be put to the blush by being made to answer such a question as that? Because the world would say that the Duke of Omnium had a new mistress, and that Madame Goesler was the woman. Do you think that I would be any man's mistress; — even yours? Or do you believe that for the sake of the softness of a summer evening on an Italian lake, I would give cause to the tongues of the women here to say that I was such a thing? You would have me lose all that I have gained by steady years of sober work for the sake of a week or two of dalliance such as that! No, Duke; not for your dukedom!"

How his Grace might have got through his difficulty had they been left alone, cannot be told. For at this moment the door was opened, and Lady Glencora Palliser was announced.

## THE REBEL PRIVATEERS.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER FROM THE LATE  
MR. COBDEN.

From The Boston Advertiser, Nov. 28.

THE following is a copy of a private letter from Mr. Cobden, which we are permitted to print, as it relates to public questions of peculiar interest:

MIDHURST, Jan. 8, 1864.

DEAR SIR: I entirely agree with you as to the consequences to be apprehended from the operations of the privateers. But I do not see how I can interfere now with any advantage. I stated in the House last session, when it was difficult to get a hearing on that side, what I feared would be the consequences of our lax proceedings at Liverpool, &c. And I took every opportunity of impressing privately on those in power my fear (which seems to be your own) that the demand for indemnity for captures would cost us a war or a great humiliation. I don't see how one or the other is to be avoided. For bear in mind the mischief is done, and the language, the taunting and insulting language of the Prime Minister in the House when the subject was brought forward by Mr. Foster, last spring, (when I was absent,) remains on record, and I fear is not likely to be forgotten. Then bear in mind that Lord John Russell has refused in his correspondence with Mr. Adams to recognize the claim. For me to interfere now and advise the Government to pay the money would neither be fair to the public nor myself. It must become the subject of regular diplomatic negotiation. The fact is — and the whole fact — that our ruling class, and a large section of the upper middle class, (led by the *Times* and its satellites,) have been so rampant in their hostility to the Great Republic, of whose strength and resources they are *dangerously* ignorant, that they have jumped instantly to the conclusion that — to use their unhappy phrase — “the republican bubble had burst” — and they commenced to treat that country as they would Brazil. I am sorry to say that the altered tone of our diplomatic correspondence in the Blue Books shows that the Foreign Office reflected this altered

feeling. Meantime among the masses of the people the feeling was unchangeably with the North. Lord Russell said at Blairgowrie the majority were for the North. But the majority have no votes. If the whole people had been represented in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister would not have spoken as Lord Palmerston spoke, nor would Mr. Laird have been frantically cheered when he rose in the House and virtually said, “I did it.” However, as I before remarked, the mischief is done, and now it remains to be seen with what grace the people will allow themselves to be committed to a war or a humiliation by the ruling class which has the power of Government in its hands.

But I confess I think the money amount of the capture the smallest part of the future penalty we shall have to pay. It is the loss of productive value inflicted on the whole of the United States mercantile marine which is the most pregnant, for it shows what half a dozen swift steamers would do to our merchantmen. And with whatever maritime power we may be at war, we may be assured that the Americans will pay us in our own coin, and that it will be impossible for the Government then to prevent privateers from being fitted out against us. This I have heard stated by some of the best friends of England among the Americans. With such a prospect, I hardly see how we can go to war with even Brazil. I have marveled at the shortsightedness of so many of our ship-owners and merchants, who ought, the moment there was even the hint of privateers being fitted out in our ports, to have risen *en masse* against it, and to have called on the Government to apply for fresh powers, if they had not sufficient for the purpose. Instead of this, too many of them have, I fear, chuckled over the destruction of a rival. For English shipowners and merchants to be found encouraging such a mode of warfare upon and through foreign commerce, is on a par with the intelligence which the proprietors of the Crystal Palace would exhibit if they were to invite a game of stone-throwing with their neighbors living in stone and slate houses. I remain, truly yours,

(Signed,)

R. COBDEN.

THE well-known series of Tauchnitz editions of English authors has nearly reached its thousandth volume, and the enterprising publisher proposes to make that volume an edition of the Authorised English version of the New Testament, beautifully printed in so-called old-faced type, enriched with foot-notes by Dr. Tischen-

dorf, giving in English the translatable readings of the Sinaitic, the Vatican, and the Alexandrine MSS. In order to secure exact accordance with the phraseology of the English version, the whole has been revised and collated by Mr. B. Harris Cowper.

## CHAPTER XI.

## SONNENKAMP'S PRIDE.

THEY stepped immediately out of the shady, well-wooded park, whose margin was planted with noble white-pines, into a wonderful and complicated arrangement of orchard-trees, in a level field several acres in extent, that had a truly magical effect.

The plats were bordered with dwarf-apple and pear-trees that looked very much like small yews; their stems were hardly two feet in height, and the branches on each side so disposed on wires, that they extended to the width of thirty feet. These were now in full bloom the whole length, and the arrangement exhibited man's energetic and shaping volition, where nature was compelled to become a free work of art, and even warped into a dwarfish over-refinement. Trees of all imaginable geometrical forms were placed, sometimes in circles and sometimes in rows. Here was a tree that, from the bottom to the top which shot up into a sharp point, had only four branches at an even distance from each other, and directed to the four cardinal points. On the walls trees were trained exactly in the shape of a candelabrum with two branches; others had stems and branches adjusted obliquely, like basaltic strata. All was according to artistic rules, and also in the most thriving condition.

Eric listened attentively while Sonnenkamp was informing him that the limbs must be cut in, so that the sap might all perfect the fruit, and not go too much to the formation of wood.

"Perhaps you have a feeling of pity for these clipped branches?" Sonnenkamp asked in a sharp tone.

"Not at all; but the old, natural form of the fruit-trees so well known to us—"

"Yes, indeed," Sonnenkamp broke in, "people are horrible creatures of prejudice! Is there any one who sees anything ugly, anything coercive, in pruning the vine three times every season? No one. No one looks for beauty, but for beautiful fruit, from the vine; so also from the fruit-tree. As soon as they began to bud and to graft, the way was indicated, and I am only following it consistently. The ornamental tree is to be ornamental, and the fruit-tree a fruit-tree, each after its kind. This apple-tree must have its limbs just so, and have just so many of them, as will make it bear the largest apples and the greatest possible number. I want from a fruit-tree not wood, but fruit."

"But nature——"

"Nature! Nature!" Sonnenkamp exclaimed, in a contemptuous tone. "Nineteenth of what they call nature is nothing but an artificial sham, and a whimsical conceit. The spirit of nature and the spirit of the age are a pair of idols which you philosophers have manufactured for yourselves. There is no such thing as nature, and there is no such thing as an age; and even if there were both, you cannot predicate spirit of either of them."

Eric was deeply struck by this apparently combative and violently aggressive manner of speaking; and yet more so, when Sonnenkamp now leaned over suddenly, and said:—

"The real man to educate would be he who was able to train men as these trees are trained: for some immediate end, with no superfluous trash and no roundabout methods. What they call nature is a fable. There is no nature, or at least only an infinitesimal particle. With us human beings everything is habit, education, tradition. There's no such thing as nature."

"That is something new to me," Eric said, when he was at last able to put in a word. "The gentlemen of tradition call us men of science deniers of God, but a denier of nature I have never until now become acquainted with, and never have even heard him mentioned. You are joking."

"Well, yes, I am joking," said Sonnenkamp, bitterly.

And Eric, who seemed to himself to be utterly bewildered, added in a low tone:—

"Perhaps it may be said that those who derive the laws of our life from revelation deny nature, or rather they do not deny her, but disregard her."

"I am not a learned man, and, above all, I am no theologian," Sonnenkamp abruptly broke in. "All is fate. Damage is done by worms in the forest; there stands near us an oak-tree clean eaten up by them, and there stands another all untouched. Why is this? No one knows. And look here at these trees. I have watched what they call the economy of nature, and here a thousand life-germs perish in order that one may thrive; and it is just the same in human life."

"I understand," Eric said. "All the things that survive have an aristocratic element wholly different from those things that perish; the blossom that unfolds itself to the perfect fruit is rich, the blighted one is poor. Do I rightly apprehend your meaning?"

"In part," Sonnenkamp replied, somewhat weary. "I would only say to you that I have done looking for the man, for I despair of finding him, who could train my son, so that he would be fitted in the most direct way for his position in life."

For some time the two walked together through the marvellously-blooming garden, where the bees were humming; and Eric thought that these, probably, were the bees of Claus, the huntsman.

World passing strange, in which all is so unaccountably associated together!

The sky was blue, and the blossoms so deliciously fragrant, and yet Eric, deeply troubled in spirit, seemed to himself to be insnared when he fixed his eyes upon a notice stuck up over the garden wall, which ran thus:—

"Warning. Spring-guns and steel-traps in this garden."

He looked around to Sonnenkamp, who said, smiling,—

"Your look asks me if that notice yonder is true; it is just as that says. People think that no one dares to do that now. Keep always in the path near me."

Sonnenkamp appeared to enjoy Eric's perplexity and annoyance. And yet it was a lie, for there were no spring-guns nor steel-traps in the garden.

On this part of the wall, stars, circles, and squares, were shaped out of the tree-twigs; and Sonnenkamp laid his hand upon the shoulder of Eric, as the latter asserted that number and geometric form were given only to man. Geometric form, indeed, was the basis of all manifestation, and the straight line was never actually seen, but must be wholly the product of man's conception. This was also the characteristic mystery in the doctrine of Pythagoras.

"I have thought for a long time," Sonnenkamp said with a laugh, "that I was a Pythagorean. I thank you for nominating me as one of the sect. We must christen our new art of gardening the Pythagorean."

This outburst was in a bantering tone of contempt and satisfaction.

They came to the place called Nice, by the colonnade constructed in the Pompeian style, which extended very far on the second terrace of the orchard.

"Now I will show you my house," Sonnenkamp said, pressing against a little door which opened upon a subterranean passage, and conducting his guest into the habitation.

#### CHAPTER XII.

##### A LOOK INTO THE HOUSE AND INTO THE HEART.

MEN-SERVANTS and maid-servants in the under-ground rooms were amazed to see Sonnenkamp and Eric make their entrance. Sonnenkamp, without noticing them, said to Eric in English:—

"The two things to be first considered by a man consulting for repose, as I am, are the kitchen and the stable."

He showed him the kitchen. There were dozens of different fire-places for the different dishes, and each kind of meat and vegetables; each viand had its special dish and pan, fire on the side and behind. The whole science of the preparation of extracts was here transported into the art of cookery. Eric was delighted with it as with a work of art.

Sonnenkamp pointed out to his guest for special notice the fact that every fire-place and every stove in the house had their own chimney; he considered that as of great importance, as he had by that means made himself independent of the direction in which the wind might blow. The architect had resisted him on that point, and he had undergone great trouble and expense to have the requisite flues constructed, but by this means new beauties had been developed.

Sonnenkamp now showed him the greater part of the house, through which electromagnetic bell-wires ran in every direction. The stairs were richly carpeted, everywhere were costly candelabra, and in the chambers broad double-beds.

Everything was arranged with elegance and taste, a truly chaste elegance and refined taste, where gold, marble, and silk contributed to the artistic decoration, with no overloading of ornament, and with a preservation of the appearance of home-like comfort. The furniture was not standing about like things looking for some fitting place, but every piece was adapted to the building itself, and seemed fixed, and at home; and yet the arrangement had this peculiar feature, that all the furniture appeared waiting for the inmates to come and occupy it, and not placed there to be gazed at by them in passing to and fro.

The heavy silk curtains, hanging in thick folds, were matched with the carpets; the large clocks in all the saloons were ticking, and the delicate works of art on the mantles and brackets were tastefully arranged. But it was plainly to be seen that this ar-

rangement gave no physiognomical indication of the character of the owner, but was only the tasteful skill which every good upholsterer supplies to order; and, above all, one felt the absence of anything like an heir-loom. Eric could not rid himself of the impression that the persons here lived in their own house as if it were a hired one, and it seemed to him that Roland was following him, and that he must enter into the soul of the boy, who was already aware that some day he would call all this his own.

Sonnenkamp declared that he thought it contemptible for people to embellish their houses with mediæval furniture or the imitation of that, while it answered the purpose neither of ornament nor of comfort. When Eric replied to him, that Goethe had expressed the same thing, Sonnenkamp answered: "That is very pleasant to me. I think that Goethe understood life."

He uttered this in a very condescending tone, as much as to say, that any one must esteem himself fortunate to have Herr Sonnenkamp recognise his worth.

On the north side of the house in the large saloon, covered with a red Persian carpet, was a half-octagon recess, in the middle of which stood a handsome malachite table surrounded by fixed chairs.

Four large windows, or rather four single panes of glass six feet in height, gave a free outlook; and in the spaces between the windows tablets of marble were inserted, half way up, on which were sculptured the four parts of the "Day" of Rietschel. The ceiling was ornamented with fine stucco-work, from which a silver lamp seemed to fly forth, rather than to hang down, for it took the form of a flying Cupid of bronze, holding a torch in his hand, and this torch, as Sonnenkamp immediately illustrated, could be lighted as a gas-burner.

"Only here," he said smiling, "do I have works of art, inasmuch as I would neither deceive myself nor others—I have no taste for creative art. You, as the son of a Professor of *Æsthetics*, perhaps consider this very barbarous?"

"Not at all, only honest; and I think you are so far entitled to do as you think best."

"It is a duty for every one to be honest, and there is no choice in the matter."

"Pardon me if I have expressed myself badly. I mean, that even the realm of art is not free from rival claims; and he who has such a manifest gift for landscape-gardening, ought to be content with that, and

can refrain from expressing himself in any other art."

Sonnenkamp smiled. This man, he thought, knows always how to come down on his feet.

He led his guest into the music-saloon. It had no gilding nor satin, only a centre-piece on the ceiling, and sea-green hangings on the walls. In the niches made by two small chimneys were brown, stuffed damask seats and sofas. This saloon seemed to be continually waiting for a social company, either moving about, or quietly seated.

Sonnenkamp smiled when Eric said that he was pleased to see the music-saloon so unadorned. The plain white had a sunshiny appearance, as if the sun lingered on the walls, and the eye was not attracted to any particular object, so that one could listen all the more attentively, only one sense being called into activity.

Sonnenkamp was yet more and more delighted; and when Eric inquired, "Which one of your family is musical?" he answered, —

"This saloon is intended for my daughter."

"Wonderful," said Eric; "yonder in the garden the upturned seat, and here the music-saloon, is expecting her."

Sonnenkamp, as he often did, took his under-lip between his fore-finger and thumb; he appeared to be either intending to say something, or wishing to keep something back.

"As we are talking about my daughter, I will just show you her room," he said suddenly, opening a side-door.

They entered a little apartment, in which the Venetian blinds were down. Sonnenkamp at once drew them entirely up. The prospect extended over the long vine-arbor and beyond the Rhine. The room was plain, but all was extremely pretty. A number of photographs, wreathed with blue ribbon into a circle, in the centre of which was a large picture of the pope, hung upon the wall. The white curtains of the white bed, now drawn back, allowed a beautifully carved ivory crucifix on the wall to be seen, while below it hung a neatly framed colored engraving, a sort of diploma, admitting Hermann, styled Manna Sonnenkamp, into the band of good children.

A writing-table, a small book-shelf, tasteful chairs, everything showed that here was the abode of a maiden who quietly lived within herself, occupied chiefly with religious meditations. In the chamber itself there seemed to be the hovering spirit of prayer, and one involuntarily looked round

to see the maiden herself come in with those large childlike eyes immediately cast down at beholding her sanctuary intruded upon.

Eric's glance became fixed upon a handsome chimney-piece of green marble, whose semi-circular edge was bordered with living ivy, while the entire chimney-place was filled with flowers and growing plants. No flower-pots were to be seen, for they were skilfully concealed; it was all a mysterious growth of leaves and flowers.

"Does that please you?" Sonnenkamp asked. "Yes, my daughter always has the chimney-place filled with flowers in summer, and I think that Fräulein Perini has continued the practice in memory of her."

Eric continued to stare at the plants; and he fancied that he could read something of the character of the maiden who in summer kept the fire-place covered with flowers. Here Sonnenkamp laid a heavy hand on his shoulder, and said:—

"Are you entirely honest? You have not come here on my son's account, but on my daughter's."

"I do not comprehend," Eric replied.

"Were you not at the convent? Have you not seen my daughter?"

"Yes, both; but I had not the most remote knowledge of you, or your daughter, or your son."

"I believe it. But have you not conceived the idle fancy, that by taking up your abode in my house, you may perhaps win the affections of my daughter?"

"I thank you for this directness," Eric responded, "and I will use equal directness in my reply. I should consider it the misfortune of my life, if I should have the feeling of love towards your daughter."

"Towards my daughter? Why so?"

"Because I should esteem it a misfortune to love a maiden of such great wealth, without taking into view her Catholic opinions. I would never marry so rich a girl, and I would let my heart break before I would do it. I now beseech you—it is not entirely impossible that mistrust, by and by, may be awakened from this source—I beseech you, openly and directly, not to give me this situation in your family. It is better; I have been this short time your guest, and I thank you for your great kindness."

"Young man, you remain. I believe you, and I trust you. I thank you for teaching me to have confidence again in a human being, and to believe in a human being. You remain! Give me your hand—you remain! We will settle all quietly. Moreover, my daughter is—and I give you here the best testimony of my confidence—

my daughter is as good as betrothed to the Baron von Franken. Now come into my own work-room."

They entered it. Everything here was arranged with a special attention to convenience. For every frame of mind, and every season of the year, for solitude and for society, chairs, tables, and sofas were disposed everywhere for comfort, as much as one room could contain. There was a vast space, and yet a homelike seclusion; and this south side was admirably situated for a view of the landscape. Here could be seen, outside, the smooth beeches and plane-trees, which hid from view the bare-looking vineyards, and suffered the eye to rest upon the summits of the wooded heights; and directly in front of the balcony window there was a full view of the ruins of the castle, which, as Eric had already heard, was being rebuilt by the order of Herr Sonnenkamp, and under the special supervision of the major.

A single, beautiful painting hung here; it was a life-sized portrait of Roland, in his seventh year. The boy sat upon an overturned antique column, his hand upon the head of a splendid Newfoundland dog, and gazing into the distance.

A large arm-chest stood here with weapons of all sorts.

While Eric was looking about, Sonnenkamp shoved back two doors which were let into the walls, and he led the way into what he called his library. No books were to be seen, nothing but great boxes, vessels of porcelain and clay, as in a well-arranged apothecary's shop; and Sonnenkamp explained that these contained seeds from all the different parts of the earth.

From the seed-room a special stair-case led into the garden, and this stair-case was entirely grown over with the Chinese honeysuckle, which was now in full bloom with its clusters of blue papilionaceous flowers. Sonnenkamp conducted his guest back into the large work-room, and there said that it had formerly been his desire that Roland should have an inclination to enter upon the active life which he himself had now retired from. He spoke of trade. Eric was amazed at the vast, comprehensive glance which Sonnenkamp took of the business of the world: for him there was no isolated activity, no isolated product; one part of the world subsisted only through another; and the whole earth was for him one great market-place, where iron, wool, tobacco, and grain received his attention at the same time, and whether in Sweden, Scotland, the East Indies, or Havana, were brought to one common warehouse.

Sonnenkamp seemed to be desirous, to-day, to compensate Eric for his unreserved communication, and Eric was astonished at the broad and strong grasp of the man's view, so that all his schemes were well calculated and sure of success; this vast power of insight was visible in all his talk. He had seen the wide world with that keensightedness characteristic of the English and Americans, who, of all nations, consume the smallest number of spectacles. He seized hold of the main features, without burdening himself with the incidental, and without being hindered by any afterthought; he described with great objectivity what he had seen in foreign lands, as well as what he had done in his own.

Sonnenkamp was well aware of the impression he had made upon Eric, and nodded, smiling, when the latter expressed his opinion how grand it must be not only to possess, but also to acquire and to be.

"Reflect seriously upon this," Sonnenkamp said,—"what would you make, and what am I to make, of Roland? You have seen so much," he added with a look of elation, "that you would not seek to change me and my family, if you should undertake the education of my son."

This last remark dissipated, to a certain extent, the deep impression which Sonnenkamp had made upon Eric. The whole appeared a premeditated affair.

A servant came to inform Herr Sonnenkamp that Herr von Pranken wished to take leave of him.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### DEVIL GETTING WONTED.

FRANKEN's horse stood saddled in the court, and Pranken himself was walking up and down, snapping his riding-whip. In exceedingly good spirits, and in a very amiable mood, he hastened to meet Sonnenkamp, saying that he must take leave of him. There was a tone of bantering politeness in their manner towards each other. When Sonnenkamp remarked that Pranken was always surprising one, never saying that he was going away until the very moment of starting, Pranken answered, with mock modesty, that he was sure that he must in that way meet the approval of his friend Sonnenkamp, for nothing was more disagreeable, and made life more insipid and dull, than a constant talking over and discussion and cooking up of plans; he shot the hare, and left it to be dressed by the artists of the kitchen.

Pranken said all that with his usual rattling manner, as he twisted the end of his

light moustache. He took a cool leave of Eric, saying that he hoped to find him still there on his return from a short journey.

"Should you, however, leave before I come back, have the kindness to present my respects to the gracious—" he paused a moment, then added, "to the Professor's lady, your mother."

He had taken off his glove when he said good-bye to Sonnenkamp, but drew it on again before he held out his hand to Eric, and it was evident that he did so intentionally. This coldness was rather agreeable to Eric; a part of his debt of gratitude was removed as Pranken treated him more distantly, and they could perhaps be more harmonious and independent when they were thrown together.

Pranken called Sonnenkamp aside, and said, though he certainly had recommended the young scholar—haughtily emphasizing this expression—he would beg him not to conclude any hasty engagement without making a strict examination himself.

"Herr Baron," replied Sonnenkamp, "I am a merchant—" he made a watchful pause before continuing,—"and I know what recommendations are, and how often one is forced to give them. I assure you that you are free from all responsibility, and as to the examination myself—I am a merchant, Herr Baron—" again the wary pause,—"the young man is the seller, and a seller always has to lay himself open, and to show what he is, more fully than the buyer, especially here, where the seller is offering himself for sale."

Pranken smiled, and said that was the deepest diplomacy. He went to his horse, vaulted nimbly into the saddle, and set off at a gallop. Sonnenkamp called after him that he must see whether the magnolia in the convent yard was thriving; he waved his hat to show that he understood, and rode away at full speed.

"A charming, agreeable young man! always bright and merry," Sonnenkamp said, as he looked after Pranken; and he went on to remark, at some length, on his constant light-heartedness.

Eric was silent. There seemed to prevail in this circle into which he was introduced, a perpetual commenting and remarking upon others. He knew Pranken, he knew this everlasting galloping style of utterance, which is always so extremely animated, and even becomes enthusiastic when the conversation can be turned into an emulous contest of raillery. But this galloping genius had a deep foundation of insincerity, for it was not possible to be strained up every moment to this pitch; it

could only be the result of violent tension, which must perpetually make a show of energy, and in this constant effort the soul must, consciously or unconsciously, put on a false appearance.

Eric quietly listened to his remaining statements, and only when Sonnenkamp asked him whether he did not think that the man, who had from his youth been conscious of a superior rank, could alone attain to this regal and sportive mastery over life, only then did he answer, that no fair province of life was shut out from the middle class.

Sonnenkamp nodded very acquiescingly. His saddle-horse was now brought to him, and he immediately mounted and rode off.

Eric went in search of Roland, and found him with his dogs. The boy desired that Eric should at once select one of them for himself. "And only think," he added, "a day-laborer just informs me that the dwarf has received a bite from Devil. Served the stupid fellow exactly right, for trying to do what he wasn't fit to do."

Eric was shocked. Was it possible that a young heart could already be so stony? He laid down to Roland at length how inhuman it was to regard a human being as a mere puppet, and to have no further concern about him, after one has had his sport out of him. His whole heart was moved with feeling as he spoke. Roland disdainfully threw back his head.

"Why do you make no reply to me?" Eric asked.

"Ah! I had no idea that you would preach to me like all the rest."

Attracted by the beauty of the boy, and his bold spirit, Eric had come to the determination to devote himself to him, and now, for an instant, he experienced a revulsion of feeling, but only to devote himself with fresh earnestness to his resolve. He would soften and thaw out this soul, naturally hard, or made so by the training it had received.

Roland went up quietly to Eric, and requested him to ride out with him. They rode together to the village. But Roland could not be induced to visit the dwarf, whom Eric found lying on the bed, moaning and groaning. When he arrived at the house of the huntsman, he did not find Roland, who had gone with Devil into the woods upon the height.

The huntsman greeted Eric less submissively; he lifted his cap, indeed, but only to cock it a little one side; he approached him in that familiar way so common on the upper Rhine, where it always seems as if

one would touch glasses, and make himself friendly with you.

"Captain," he asked, "have you settled matters?"

"No."

"May I be permitted to say something to you?"

"If it is something good, why not?"

"That's just as one takes it. That one, down there"—he pointed with his thumb back to the villa—"that one is buying up the whole Rhine-land. But see you, that fox-hound there—"

"Stop," at once exclaimed Eric, proceeding to point out, in a very decisive manner, that he had no right to speak so to him, and about another person.

Eric was aware that he had not properly preserved his own dignity, or this man would not have been able to approach him so familiarly; and he was now more severe in repelling this forwardness than he intended. The huntsman only puffed the more vigorously at his pipe, and then said,—

"Yes, yes, you are the one to seize the man down there by the throat, and I see that you are too smart for me. You wish to get off from thanking me; I want no thanks, and no pay."

He muttered to himself, that everything which came near the rich man was always spoilt.

Eric must undo somewhat the impression he had made, for the huntsman was the only one who could rival him in his influence over Roland. The huntsman took, in very good part, Eric's expressions of friendliness, but he remained silent. When Roland came back, Eric asked him nothing about his excursion to the woods, and told him nothing about the dwarf. It was Roland's place to ask him, but the boy said nothing, and they both rode back in silence.

Eric immediately caused himself to be announced to Herr Sonnenkamp, and informed him that he now felt compelled to assume a definite relation with Roland.

"You find Roland, then, an excellent youth?"

"He has great boldness, determination, and—I know that a father can only hear it with unwilling ears, but after your searching inquiries yesterday, I may be permitted to hope that you are sufficiently free to—"

"Certainly, certainly; only speak out."

"I find a degree of hard-heartedness, and a want of sympathy with the purely human, surprising at such an age;" and Eric related how Roland had deported himself in regard to the dwarf.

A peculiar smile darted over Sonnenkamp's features, as he asked,—

"And do you feel confident that you can make a corrupted nature noble?"

"Pardon me, I said nothing about a corrupted nature; I should say, rather, that Roland is just now changing his voice, in a spiritual sense, and one cannot judge what tone it will take; but so much the more necessity is there for care in the kind of influence exerted."

"And what is your opinion of Roland's talents?"

"I think that he is not superior to the average. He has a good natural understanding, and a quick comprehension, but persistency,—that is indeed very questionable, and I have already observed that he goes along well enough a certain distance, then comes to a standstill, and will pursue the thought no farther. I am not yet very clear in regard to this mental characteristic; if it cannot be changed for the better, I should fear that Roland would be unhappy, for he would experience no abiding satisfaction, nor would he feel the delight, nor the obligation, of perseverance. Yet this is, perhaps, drawing too fine a thread."

"No, no, you are right. I place no reliance upon my son's stability of character; he only lives from hand to mouth. It is a bore to him to do anything of which he cannot see the direct result."

"That is the way with children. But such children never make sterling men; therefore I wanted Roland to love plants, as he would then be obliged to learn that there was something which can at no time be neglected or forgotten."

"I am rejoiced," Eric replied, "that you here remind me of the most vital points. First of all, the rich man, and the son of a rich man, like the prince and the son of a prince, have only subservient friends. Against my will I have become Roland's play-fellow, and so the subsequent serious work will be interfered with."

"Is it impossible then, to combine work and play?"

"I hope to do so. But the necessity of work must be recognized." Eric continued silent, and Sonnenkamp asked,—

"You have still another point?"

"Most certainly, and it is this. As I have already suggested, Roland must acquire a steadfast relation to external things, an intimate bond of union with them, as then only will he be at home in the world. He who has no recollections of childhood, no deep attachment to that which has transpired around him, is cut off from the very fountain-head of genial and hearty affection.

Question yourself, and you will find—your return to Germany fully proves it—that the heartfelt, endearing recollections of childhood were the very sustenance, what one may perhaps call the spiritual mother's milk, of your deepest soul."

Sonnenkamp winced at these words, and Eric added,—

"Homelessness is hurting the soul of your son."

"Homelessness?" Sonnenkamp exclaimed in astonishment.

His face quivered for an instant, and his athletic strength seemed eager to make some outward demonstration, but he restrained it within the bounds of forced composure, asking,—

"Do I rightly apprehend you? Homelessness?"

"That is what I think. The inner life of the child needs training, that it may cling to something; a journey is, perhaps, not harmful to the soul of a child; at the best, it has little effect upon him. A child in travelling has no distinct impression from all the changes of the landscape; it takes delight in the locomotive at the station, and in the wind-mill on the hill. One fixed point in the soul anchors it firmly. I said that the human being ought to have an object to strive for, but permit me to add to that, that he must also have a fixed point of departure, and that is the home. You said, and I see it myself, that Roland takes no real delight in anything; and is not that owing to the fact that the boy is homeless, a child of hotels, with no tap-root in any place, and still more, no deep-seated impressions, no pictures in his memory which have become a portion of his very life, and to which he returns from all his wayward fancies? He told me that he had played in the Coliseum at Rome, in the Louvre at Paris, in Hyde-park at London, and on the lake of Geneva,—and now, living in Europe, yet always proudly conscious of being an American,—this causes—pardon me, I only ask the question—does this not cause a restlessness of spirit, which may be fatal to any growth?"

"I see," Sonnenkamp answered, leaning back his head, "you are an incarnate, or one might rather say, an insouled German, who runs over the whole world, in reality and in thought, and cajoles himself always with the self-complacent notion, 'I am so whole-souled, and that is more than the rest of you are.' Pah! I tell you that if I bestow anything of worth upon my child, I believe it will be just this, that he will be free from that sentimentality of a so-called settled home. The whistle of the loco-

tive scares away all the homesickness so tenderly pampered of old. We are in fact cosmopolites, and that is just the greatness of American civilization, that, not being rooted in the past, national limitations and fights of citizenship have no narrowing influence upon the soul. The home-attachment is an old nuisance and a prejudice. Roland is to become an untrammelled man."

Eric was silent. After a considerable time, he said:—

"It is, perhaps, not beneficial, but tiresome, both to you and to me, to deal in generalities. I would only say, that however little calculated travelling may be to create an inner satisfaction, when there is no definite object to be attained that one can all along hold in view, much less can a life that has no special aim of action, thought, or enjoyment, confer any central peace. If Roland now had some special talent—"

"Do you find none at all in him?"

"I have discovered none as yet; and still it seems to me, that if he had been born under different circumstances, he would have made a serviceable lock-smith, or a good groom. I hope you do not misunderstand that—I consider it a guaranty for human equality, that what a man becomes, wholly or chiefly depends upon circumstances. Hundreds of judges would have become, under different circumstances, common laborers, and hundreds of common laborers would have become judges. As I said before, it is to me a direct proof of the universally diffused capacities of human beings, that only the few have the genius that absolutely demands a special work."

"I understand, I understand. And do you think that you can train a boy, of whom you have formed so low an opinion?"

"I have not a low opinion of Roland, neither of his head nor his heart. He seems to me not unsusceptible of love, but it is to him an enjoyment, not also a duty; he has the qualities belonging to the average of men not marked by any special characteristic, and those are entirely sufficient to form him, under judicious and proper direction, into a good and honorable man, happy himself, and able to make others happy. And I shall be very glad, in the meanwhile, if I am mistaken in attributing to Roland no special genius."

"I honor and value highly your great earnestness," Sonnenkamp interposed, "but I am just now in great haste. Inform Roland of your position."

He seemed out of humor, as he rolled his cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other, and busied himself with his papers, just as if Eric were no longer present.

Eric left the work-room of Sonnenkamp, and betook himself to Roland. He found the boy busily employed in chewing a piece of half-raw meat, and giving the chewed morsels to the lately broken-in dog; the huntsman affirmed that that would attach the dog to him inseparably. Eric looked on a while, and then requested Roland to send the dog away, as he had something to say to him.

"Can't the dog stay with us?"

Eric made no reply, for he saw that he must first settle whether he or the dog had the deepest hold. On his casting a sharp look again upon Roland, the boy said, "Come, Devil, wait here at the door," and returning, he exclaimed, "There, now go on."

Eric took Roland's hand, and informed him that he had come to be his tutor. Roland leaned his handsome head upon his partly closed hand, gazing at the speaker fixedly with his large, restless, glowing eyes.

"I knew it," he said at last.

"And who told you?"

"The huntsman and Joseph."

"And why did you say nothing to me about it?"

Roland made no answer to this, only looking at the speaker, as if he would say, "I can wait." He only once removed his gaze, when Eric added, that he had wished to try first whether he was adapted to the family. Roland still remained silent. The dog scratched at the door; Roland looked towards it, but did not venture to open it. Eric opened it. The dog sprang in, crouched down before Roland, and then went to Eric and licked his hands; he seemed to be a mysterious messenger, a silent yet eloquent interpreter between them.

"He likes you too!" Roland cried out in childish delight.

These were the only words spoken by the boy. Suddenly springing up, he threw himself upon Eric's breast, where he was held in a firm embrace; the dog barked as if he must express himself.

"We will be true to each other," Eric exclaimed, unclasping his arms; "I had a brother of your age, and you are to be my younger brother."

Roland, without speaking, held Eric's right hand between both of his.

"Now let us at once begin our life, fresh and bright."

"Yes," replied Roland, "we'll make Devil fetch something out of the water; he does it splendidly."

"No, my dear brother, we will go to work. Let us see what you have learned."

Eric had noticed particularly, that Ro-

land, who was deficient in every other branch of knowledge, had a pretty good acquaintance with geography. He tested him in this, and Roland was highly pleased to be able to give him accurate answers. They gradually passed to the consideration of other studies, and then Roland appeared confused, and for Latin he had a hatred amounting to a personal hostility.

"We will quietly study what is necessary," Eric said consolingly, "and then we will ride, drive, shoot, fish, and row."

This prospect cheered the boy very much, and when the clock struck in the tower, he suddenly observed, —

"In one hour Herr von Pranken will be with Manna. I can learn to ride, fence, and shoot, as well as Herr von Pranken, don't you think I can?"

"Certainly you can."

"I sent a letter, too, to Manna by Herr von Pranken."

"What language did you write it in?"

"English, of course. Ah! it just occurs to me, — all speak so highly of your mother, let your mother come too; she might live out there in our small, vine-covered house."

The boy could say no more, for Eric lifted him up, pressed him to his breast, and kissed him. The boy had uttered what at first sight had flashed through his own soul, and now it was evident that he bestowed gladly, loved to confer benefits, and to contrive pleasure for others; his hard-heartedness towards the dwarf disappeared as a mere superficial blemish.

A servant came and announced that dinner was served. Holding each other by the hand, Roland and Eric went to the dining-room.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### A RIVAL.

THE dinner was as ceremonious as it had been the day before. Frau Ceres, who appeared again at table, betrayed by no look or word that she had conversed so confidentially with Eric; she addressed, frequently, some brief remark to him; but again all were occupied in urging her to eat something. Eric wondered at the patience with which Sonnenkamp did this again and again.

After dinner, while they were taking coffee, Sonnenkamp observed to Eric in a careless way, that a new applicant had presented himself, who brought the highest recommendation from Roland's last tutor, the candidate Knopf. He gave Eric to understand that they did not receive every

one at once to dinner, and ordered Joseph to introduce the stranger.

A slim, sunburnt man entered. He was introduced to the company. Eric was introduced by the title of Captain, Doctor being suffered temporarily to rest in peace. The stranger, whose name was Professor Crutius, had been a fellow-student with the candidate Knopf, had seen a good deal of the world, and, finally, for several years, had been professor in the military school at West Point, near New York.

He gave this information with great ease, but in rather a harsh tone of voice.

Sonnenkamp seemed to have reserved this entertainment for the dessert, to allow the two applicants to engage in a tilt with each other, while quietly smoking his cigar. He was very shrewd in finding the points where they could attack each other, but he was not not a little surprised that Eric immediately laid down his arms; expressing his thanks to the stranger, he said that he envied his rich experience in life, and his wide survey of the world, while he himself had, to his regret, been confined to the limited circle of the Principality and to the world of books.

The stranger had made the discovery very soon that Fräulein Perint was the main-spring in the watchwork of this household, and he found that they had some reminiscences in common. Crutius had accompanied an American family to Italy, and had gone from thence to the New World.

In a manner showing candor and experience, he described the characteristics of an American boy of the upper class, and how such a boy must be managed. Without directly pointing it out, this description was evidently intended for Roland, who sat gazing at the stranger.

Eric, standing with Sonnenkamp by the balcony-railing, which he grasped tightly in his hands, said that he himself was not sufficiently prepared, and that the stranger would be, probably, the most fitting person.

Sonnenkamp made no reply, puffing out quickly cloud after cloud of smoke into the air.

"Magnanimity," he thought to himself. "Magnanimity, — nothing but smoke and vapor."

The stranger was very zealously engaged in conversation with Frau Ceres and Fräulein Perini. Roland went to his father, and said, in a voice as determined as it was low, —

"Send him away; I don't want him."

"Why not?"

"Because I have Herr Eric, and because Herr Knopf has sent him."

"Go to your own room; you have nothing to say about this," Eric ordered.

The boy stared at him, and went.

Eric declared to the father that Roland's instinctive feeling was just; the bitterness against his former teacher he could not at all judge of, but it was evident that the boy wanted to be received by some entirely unprejudiced stranger.

Sonnenkamp was surprised at this kindly appreciation on Eric's part, especially when he went on to state how unpleasant a thing it must be for the boy to be transferred in this way from one hand to another.

The stranger, in the meanwhile, had asked Fräulein Perini whether Sonnenkamp had any relatives, whether that had always been his name, and whether he received many letters. He touched upon one and another point in his conversation, evidently to reconnoitre the state of feeling entertained by the family concerning America; and when Sonnenkamp, with great energy, asserted that he should like a dictator for America, who would put to rout the rascality there, Crutius said, that there were very many in the New World who really cherished the conviction and desire that America would establish a monarchy, but didn't dare to say so.

Sonnenkamp nodded to himself, and whistled again inaudibly.

"Where did you put up?" he abruptly inquired of the stranger.

Crutius named an inn in the village.

"There you are very well quartered."

The stranger's countenance changed for an instant. He had evidently expected that his luggage would be sent for, and that he would be received as a guest in the house.

Sonnenkamp thanked him very courteously for the call, and requested him to give his address in full, so that he might be written to if there should be occasion. The stranger's hand trembled as he took out his well-worn pocket-book, and gave his card. He took leave with formal politeness.

Sonnenkamp requested Eric to escort his fellow-teacher a part of the way, and handed him several gold pieces, which he was to give to the needy-looking man in a suitable manner.

"Is this friendly confidence, or is it expected as a service?" Eric asked himself, as he went after the stranger.

He overtook him near the park-wall, and when Eric represented himself to be also a teacher, the countenance of the professor changed, and he exclaimed:—

"Ah! a teacher then, and perhaps my competitor?"

Eric answered in the affirmative.

Crutius looked sour at this; he had been gratified at the friendly encouragement of the captain, whom he took to be an inmate of the family, and he was grateful to him for the praise he had given him; but now he turned out to be a teacher too! He gnashed his teeth a little over this mistake.

Eric tendered him the present of gold with great delicacy, putting himself on an equality with the stranger, making known his own poverty, and declaring how impossible it often was not to accept from those who had means.

"Ha! ha!" the stranger laughed out.

"He knows me; he wishes to put me under obligation and release himself!"

Eric said that he did not understand such expressions.

"Indeed!" the stranger said, laughing. "So innocence with a captain's rank allows itself also to be bought? The whole world is nothing but an old rag-shop. What matter! The den where the tiger devours his prey is very fine and very tasty! paint and tapestry can cover up a good deal! I ask your pardon, I have taken wine this morning, and I am not used to it. Well, hand it over! My most humble compliments to Villa Eden! Ha! ha! a very nice name!"

Without adding a word more, the stranger, grasping tightly the gold, touched his hat, and walked off at a rapid pace.

Eric returned to Sonnenkamp in a meditative mood. Sonnenkamp invited him to be seated, in a very friendly manner, asking,—

"Did he take the money?"

Eric nodded.

"And of course, with hardly a thank you?"

Eric said that the man had acknowledged, of his own accord, that he had been drinking wine that morning, and was not used to it.

Pointing to a great packet of letters, Sonnenkamp said that they were all applications for the advertised situation. He expatiated very merrily upon the great number of persons who depend upon some wind-fall or other; if one should only open a honey-pot, suddenly bees, wasps, and golden-flies appear, nothing of which had been seen before. Then he continued:—

"I can give you a contribution to your knowledge of men."

"Anything about Herr Crutius?"

"No; of your very much be-pitied dwarf. It is really refreshing to find such a charac-

ing piece of rascality. I have known for a long time how smart he was in stealing the black wood-vetch from the hill above; but now the bite received in training the dog is nothing but a lie. I have already informed Roland of it, and I am glad that he can become acquainted so early with the vileness and deceitfulness of men."

"You will not keep the dwarf any longer in your employment, I suppose?"

"Certainly I shall. I am delighted that the droll little man has so much rascality. It is a perfect satisfaction to play with the villainy and roguery of people, and I should like to have half a dozen such on hand, so as to teach Roland how to deal with chaps of that stamp."

"I would rather not be able to give him that instruction," said Eric.

"It is not for you to do that; you are here for something else."

Eric left Sonnenkamp's room, greatly depressed.

A servant informed him that Roland was waiting for him at the river-bank; he went there, and Roland invited him to take a sail with him on the Rhine. He unfasted the pretty boat from the shore, and rowed expertly out into the stream; it was now a dark green, and the islands above, with their dense foliage, seemed to be growing out of a soil of liquid emerald.

A fresh breeze rippled the surface; Roland was happy that he could unfurl the sail, and showed himself skilful in his mastery over the elements. Every movement was so graceful that Eric took great delight in looking at him.

Eric was a novice on the water, and he was glad to give Roland the satisfaction of instructing him, and of showing him how the boat is made to turn, and to go in any direction. There was a joyous tone in Roland's voice that Eric had never remarked before.

And while they were sailing along with a full breeze, the splashing waves striking against the boat, Roland spoke of the candidate Knopf, who first made him really at

home upon the water. Knopf could row, sail, steer, and make the boat describe a circle in the water, better than the best boatman. Yes, better than the boatman's wife even, a large, powerful woman, who now called out to him as she steered a large boat made fast to a tow-boat, while her husband, a not less powerful form, leaned against the mast.

Roland, steering towards the tow-boat, made fast to the boat which the woman was managing. She chatted with him without looking round, for she must keep the exact course. When they had gone far enough, Roland unfasted the boat, and sailed back with the current.

He gave a humorous account of the helmswoman's rule over her husband, but Eric led the conversation to the candidate Knopf. Roland was not inclined to say anything more about him, nor to speak of his previous tutors, who were evidently regarded by him with as much indifference as is a yesterday's waiter at a hotel, or a discharged servant. Who will ask about people whom they have dismissed? It was only apparent, from some words dropped by Roland, that this candidate must have had a warm affection for his pupil.

Mention was made, also, of the dwarf, and Roland took it very coolly that he had turned out a rascal, for he regarded all poor people as rascals.

Eric had gained in this sail a new and deeper knowledge of his pupil; pity was now added to the love he felt for the boy, who had so early acquired a contempt for the world, and who appeared to have no person and no thing to which he clung inseparably, and the thought of which gave him new inspiration. Only with his sister did he seem to have any real bond of affection, for as they were approaching the villa, he said:—

"Just as I am now walking with you, Manna is walking with Herr von Franken. I think that you and Manna, when she comes, will also be good friends."

*The Triumph of the Cross.* By Jerome Savonarola. Translated from the Latin, with Notes and a biographical Sketch, by O'Dell Travers Hill, F.R.G.S., author of "English Monasticism," &c. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A DEFENCE of the Christian religion, written for the sceptics of the fifteenth century, is a curiosity in the nineteenth. Savonarola was a leading mind in his day, and his works will always have an interest for inquirers. But we

cannot agree with Mr. Hill that a reply to the doubters of four hundred years ago will have much effect on the doubters of to-day. The modern grounds of objection are so different from those of former times that it was not possible for Savonarola to anticipate them. As a literary production, we are glad to have this translation of the old Dominican monk's treatise; but we cannot anticipate that it will effect many conversions.

London Review.

From The Sunday Magazine.

## THE WESLEYS AND THEIR HYMNS.

## PART I.

THE rosy flush of the religious morning of England was preceded by an hour of "darkness which could be felt." The early Nonconformists had passed away, and with them much of the effect their preaching had produced. Nonconformity itself, as if exhausted by its painful witnessing for liberty of conscience, had lapsed into frigidity and Arianism. In the Church of England the general character of the inferior clergy had reached its lowest point. Many were grossly scandalous in their lives, others were caught in the meshes of the Arian heresy, while the greater part (according to the testimony of Bishop Burnet, Bishop Gibson, Bishop Butler, Archbishop Secker, Dr. Guise, Dr. Woodward, Abraham Taylor, and many others) "of those who came to be ordained were as ignorant as the people whom they professed to teach, so that they could give no account, or at least a very imperfect one, of the contents even of the Gospels." The very highest authorities, lay and clerical, testify that the clergy in general were ignorant and ungodly, while the laity were dissolute in their manners, and contemptuous of all religion. In one remarkable sentence prefixed to his "Analogy," Bishop Butler sums up the contempt into which Christianity had fallen in England. "It is come, I know not how, that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious, and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisal for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world." The upper classes were avowedly infidel and shamelessly profligate; the lower, stupidly ignorant and grossly irreligious. The nation at large was disgusted with Romanism, but was indifferent or antagonistic to the distinctive principles of Protestantism. Professing Christians were paralysed by the influences of error and worldliness, and the existing ministry in all the churches was powerless to attack the vices of society. The vitality of truth, the strength of the power of rebuke, and the presence of the Spirit, were lost out of the Church. It was in this dark hour that the men were born on whom tongues of fire were hereafter to descend, and on whose lips the old formulæ of a dead orthodoxy were to become keen and powerful, the very sword of the Spirit himself.

Little more than a century has passed

since "the people called Methodists" were treated with scorn, contumely, and active malevolence. The perpetrators of the most hideous crimes were more secure from violence to person and property than the hymn-singing followers of the Wesleys. To name their leaders in polite society was an offence, as Cowper has gracefully expressed it—

"Leuconomus—beneath well-sounding Greek  
I veil a name the poet, must not speak;"

and in society which was not polite, to disturb their meetings by singing vile parodies of their hymns, to waylay and beat them, and to make bonfires of their meeting-houses on occasions of national rejoicing, with many other cunningly-devised methods of adding insult to injury, were frolics with a peculiar relish. Even the law in many cases proved as powerless to protect them, as it was powerful to shield their assailants.

There has been no fact so great in modern church history as the rise and progress of Methodism; no fact more singular in its present position than that through the world all its societies, whether large or small, are stamped through and through with the likeness of two extraordinary men. Its gigantic and complete organization, its vast and successful missionary enterprises, its system of home extension and evangelization, its tremendous grip of masses of the uneducated, its tuneful emotional tone of religion, its wide sympathies and its intense hopefulness, are all emanations of the spirit of John and Charles Wesley. In the production of a homogeneity so permanent, the hymns of the great singer of Methodism have been the chiefest agent. Yet John towers above his brother by virtue of a stronger and sterner nature, gigantic administrative ability, and persistent and intense devotion. There is not a Methodist pulpit but seeks to rekindle his fire, not a Methodist preacher but prays that upon his shoulders his great master's mantle may fall, not a Methodist hymn which has not passed the ordeal of his ungentle criticism and bears the impress of his peculiarities. Truly he was the man indicated by the Divine finger as the leader of a great religious revolution, the giant who was to lift English Christianity out of the stagnant deeps into which it had fallen.

This apostle of a revived Christianity was no common man. His capacity was undoubted, his University career was a steady success. By the time he was twenty-three, he was in holy orders, Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, moderator in classics, and

celebrated in his University for his acuteness as a dialectician. His moral conduct was faultless. He was a strenuous supporter of the most rigid ecclesiastical discipline, showing very early that excessive value for Church authority which clung to him through life, — leading him at the age of eighty-two, to seek Greek Episcopal ordination for those who were to administer the sacraments. Charles possessed a more emotional nature, which naturally influenced his sterner brother. It was his superior fervour which wrought on John to begin a plan of *duty authorised* parochial visitation, and to join a "set" of godly young men who met at his rooms for reading and prayer. This little band held mystical tendencies in common; they partook of the communion once a week, sought sanctification, and were finally baptized at Oxford by the name Methodists. In this small company of devout spirits, deeply imbued with the High Churchism of the day, we recognise the "handful of corn" whose fruit was afterwards "to shake like Lebanon."

Both the brothers were strongly tinged with mysticism, John with asceticism. His religious life was nourished upon Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," and the "De Imitatione;" his tendencies were towards an austere and contemplative piety. Nor was the ascetic spirit ever wholly exorcised, and in his circumstances it proved a powerful element of success. In the midst of brilliant prospects, both brothers astonished the Church and the world by resigning all and setting out for Georgia, as missionaries to the Red Indians. The affair made much noise. Missionary operations were no part of the organization of any Church but that of Rome. The errand was termed Quixotic, and the name *Methodist* began to be bandied about in polite circles. The objects of the Wesleys were, total separation from the world, and crucifixion with Christ; and the enterprise was undertaken in the spirit of asceticism rather than of evangelism. Its absolute failure is one of the most suggestive facts in individual Christian history.

Before John Wesley returned to England, some influence unknown to us produced in him an overwhelming conviction that he was yet a stranger to the full salvation offered in Christ. Then he who went forth with high hopes of attaining complete sanctification, wrote in bitter sorrow and unrest, "I have learned what I the least of all suspected, that I, who went to America to convert others, was never myself truly converted to God." Having become acquainted, on the voyage, with some Moravian Brethren, in

whom he beheld a faith and holiness such as he had never witnessed, he turned in his distress to pastor Böhler, whose conversations yet further convinced him of his unregenerate and unbelieving state. Then followed a period of agonized strivings after light and faith, of painful questionings and reasonings; each day wrapping him round with deeper darkness and hopelessness. When Böhler spoke to him of passing from death into life as an instantaneous work, he met the assertion with a denial; yet his own subsequent study of the word showed him few, if any instances, of conversion so slow as that of Paul. Overcome by scripture testimony, he next sheltered himself in the belief that instantaneous conversions, like miracles, belonged to the first age of the church. He was beaten out of this retreat by the evidence of several trustworthy men, who testified to their own instantaneous translation from guilt and fear, to joy and the sense of forgiveness. Wesley's disputations were now over, but not his distresses. Like the blind, he believed that light existed; but no blink of the day-spring from on high had ever shone upon his soul. The religious experiences of Charles Wesley, at this time, were almost identical; — with this exception, that in the midst of his distress, he was strongly averse to what he termed "the new faith." But after a great struggle he *suddenly* entered into peace. Three days afterwards, the strong spirit of John as *suddenly* and strangely underwent the same great change. Never had more honest spirits more literally *agonized* to enter in at the straight gate. Of this singular period in the life of Charles Wesley, a majority of his hymns are the fruit. His were not ordinary religious experiences, and the tone of the hymns is not ordinary. How far they have been instrumental in producing similar experiences in thousands since, it is difficult to say.

Immediately after what he always regarded as his "conversion," John Wesley visited the Moravian settlements in Germany, where he came in contact with a matured and intelligent piety, and was further instructed in the doctrine of justification by faith. From the Moravians John learned much — the recognition of the social intention of the Gospel, and the value of hymns as the nutriment and index of a joyous faith. It was more by the force of race and circumstances that Methodism so soon lost the German stillness of these Moravian societies, of which it was the mighty offshoot, and earned for itself the distinction, of being the most fervid and emotional of our religious bodies.

On John Wesley's return, he and his brother, convinced that they had now found the true light, began to preach immediate repentance and immediate salvation. Very shortly the churches were closed against them, and on April 2nd, 1739, John Wesley went forth into the highways and hedges, and crossed the ecclesiastical Rubicon by preaching from a little hill near Bristol, to an audience of 3,000 persons. The courage which could lead a forlorn hope, or give the word of command in a sinking ship, is inferior to that which led the two Wesleys, with the refined and scholarly atmosphere of Oxford about them, to mount waggons or tables by the roadside, give out hymns, and address mobs. The very doctrines they taught were known only as "fanaticism." The mode of teaching was obnoxious to cultivated natures. The hymns, which were already beginning to assert their power, were classed with "the song of the drunkard." Yet it was "field-preaching," and that alone, that could raise the dead in sin; and when out of every thrilled and tumultuous assembly Christ rescued his own, and robust men fell down in mortal agonies out of which great joy and holiness were born, and a Gospel free from metaphysical shackles was preached to the poor, the whole land was roused. While the Wesleys shot their fiery arrows direct into the consciences of men, wounding their obtuse moral sense, and bringing them to bay in more savage mood than that of the beasts of Ephesus, they were themselves clad in the panoply of a majestic calmness, the result of a perfect benevolence. So, whether abiding the coarse onslaught of a furious rabble, or the more studied insults of magistrates and other minions of the law, the brothers bore themselves at all times with the dignity and courtesy of gentlemen.

From the day when John Wesley violated the proprieties of ecclesiastical conventionalism, by preaching on the Somersetshire hill-side, his life became one long marvel. There was not only the tacit abandonment of his intensely High Church associations and partialities, the renunciation of his cherished schemes of religious retirement, or a learned seclusion within college walls, and the adoption of a course of living of which some of the leading features were, harassing anxieties, superhuman labours, and vulgar indignities, but their was the grand trial of the desertion of nearly all the friends who stood beside him at the outset of his career, but who, ere many years had passed, were ranged in the hostile attitude of foes. On him devolved the care of all the infant Methodist societies, and the con-

servancy of their purity and zeal constituted an episcopacy as burdensome as that of the Apostle Paul. On his head, for forty years, beat storms of opposition, which never fully spent their force until both brothers were gathered to their rest. Nor was the charge of schism, which was persistently brought against him, the least of his afflictions, as several of his letters, and a hymn wrung out of intense mental suffering, distinctly evidence. Throughout his career, he shrank from the reproach, both for himself and his followers, of being other than dutiful sons of the Church.\* Yet if his own "field-preaching" could have been forgiven by the dignitaries of the Establishment, his reluctant authorisation of the preaching of unordained men would have been the signal for his virtual expulsion. Perhaps the least felt of the many trials to which he was exposed, was the storm of persecution which the preaching aroused. Throughout the land, the appearance of either of the brothers was the signal for disorder and violence. Preaching-houses were gutted and burned, the preachers assailed with stones and other missiles; they were waylaid and beaten, their property destroyed, their clothes torn to pieces. Even in Cornwall, where their labours made the desert places glad, their meeting-houses were burnt as bon-fires, and the gentle poet, Charles, on several occasions narrowly escaped with his life. A singular entry still remains in the parish-book in the vestry of Illogan church. "Expenses at Ann Gartrell's for driving the Methodist, 9s.1." This is the enduring record of the fact that the churchwarden, placing himself at the head of an infuriated mob, drove Wesley and his congregation beyond the parish boundary, and afterwards regaled his followers with drink at the old ale-house at Pool. In Staffordshire, the story of the bloody and brutal assaults made upon the Wesleys, year after year, is still told among the regenerate descendants of the assailants. In Yorkshire, the fanaticism of the people, hounded on by the clergy, rose to such a height that for many a year the brothers itinerated among its fierce population at the peril of their lives. Even in the metropolis, the fury against

\* In 1766 he wrote these remarkable words:—"We are not dissenters, we are not seceders. . . the seceders laid the very foundation of their work in judging and condemning others. We laid the foundation of our work in judging and condemning ourselves. They begin everywhere with showing the people how fallen the church and ministers are. We begin everywhere with showing our hearers how fallen they are themselves. We will not, dare not separate from the Church for reasons given several years ago." If the Wesleys occupy an altered position at this time, it is not Methodism, but the Church of England which has changed.

these uncompromising evangelists for long defied the authority of the law. There is a triumphant hymn, very dear to Methodists, associated with one memorable day in Whitechapel, when the word on Wesley's lips being sharp as the sword of the Spirit, a mob, after vainly endeavouring to disperse the enthralled crowd by driving cattle among the women and children, assailed the preacher with stones, one of which cut him severely on the forehead. Yet all the more earnestly discoursed he of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, as he wiped the flowing blood away. For thirty years the history of Methodism is the history of unremitting brutal violence, accompanying Gospel triumphs such as have never been witnessed in our land.\*

Amidst evil report and good report the brothers continued to preach. Never since Pentecostal days had the Spirit so manifestly attended upon the word. Multitudes were awakened to a sense of sin and pardon, and from this throng of the regenerate many came forth to preach that faith by which they were saved. Wesley's authorisation of these evangelists was the great advance point in his career. Methodism rose rapidly in power. All through the land the sinners who were seeking and finding salvation entered into a bond of brotherhood, the main object of which was to perfect holiness in the fear of God. Reprobates, formalists, godless and brutal persons, were converted, and brought forth the fruits of righteousness, one and all joyfully testifying in psalms and hymns that God had delivered them from the power of darkness, and had translated them into the kingdom of his Son. Stongholds of vice, of an arid orthodoxy, a wintry formalism, and a destructive heterodoxy, were carried by storm. When "the strong man" could no longer keep his goods in peace, it is not marvellous that the persevering aggressions

made by the Wesleys upon the lifelessness of the church, and the wickedness of the world, their violations of ecclesiastical order, and their uncompromising speech, should fill the land with tumult, and array both church and world against them. For the rise of Wesleyan Methodism was the true English reformation. The old truths which had blessed men's souls, and which were hidden from the multitude in musty folios and forgotten controversies, were brought out once more, instinct with the life of the Gospel of Christ. The jargon of the theological schools was abandoned. Men who had struggled through the gloaming of a lofty but obscure mysticism, into the full daylight of salvation, whose hearts burned with love, and whose lips were touched with coals of fire, carried God's truth through the land, and at the sound a spiritual brotherhood sprang up, banded together for God's glory and man's salvation, against the world, the flesh, and the devil. Called by the Holy Ghost, and baptized with the baptism of the Spirit and of fire, the cry from their lips, "Repent and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out," broke the slumber of the whole nation. It was not under the force of direct attack that the effete religious systems of the day wined and trembled. The Wesleys took the very truths which had become palsied and lifeless in the hands of other men, and gave them forth to famishing crowds as the very bread of life of which they themselves had eaten. So wherever religion had sunk into formalism and apathy, it was awakened and vivified, while the chaff was burnt up with fire unquenchable. Libelled as "enthusiasts," "fanatics," "disorderly persons;" dreaded, despised, persecuted, they smote the rock whose living waters have followed the company of the faithful ever since, blessing the church which, in a moment of blind irritation and panic, rejected them, and the Nonconformist bodies, which regarded them with coldness or distrust.

In the forefront of this mighty religious revival the two Wesleys stand. Round them as a nucleus, revived Christianity clusters, in them the interest of the student of the past and present of Methodism culminates. That Providence which called the Methodist societies into being, and blessed the world through them, endowed them at once with a brain and a heart. John, the Brain, was rich in the power which governs men, and in the faculty of organizing, both essential qualities for the organization and harmonious operation of the discordant elements composing the Methodist societies. Deaf to the many

\* Among the many organized persecutions of the Wesleys which are referred to in their hymns, the worst was that at Calne, in Lancashire, inasmuch as it was raised by a clergyman of considerable learning and ability. On hearing that the Wesleys were expected in the neighbourhood, he preached a sermon with the avowed object of inflaming the populace against them. The proclamation afterwards issued is a singular proof of the fanaticism of which the defenders of moderation were capable in that day:—"Notice is hereby given, that if any men be mindful to enlist into his Majesty's service, under the command of the Rev. G. White, Commander-in-Chief, and John Banister, Lieut.-General of his Majesty's forces, for the defence of the Church of England and the support of the manufactory in and about Calne, both of which are now in danger, let them repair to the drum-head at the Cross, where each man shall have a pint of beer for advance and other proper encouragement." The mob thus pastorally led not only savagely beat Wesley and his companion Grimshaw, but threw many of the Methodists from a rock twelve feet high into the river.

voices which accused him of despotism and the stirrings of personal ambition, he bequeathed to his followers a rule and practice of wisdom, which saved them from drifting into the strong antagonism of Dissent, and has preserved them in the honourable *via media* which they now occupy. A slight sternness, and a latent asceticism, were elements in John Wesley's character. Without the first he could scarcely have repressed the ignorant zeal of some of his followers, or pruned the undue luxuriance of his brother's poetry; without the last he would have faltered in his career as a leader of men. On his calm, lofty features, at once delicate and classical, in his piercing eye and compressed lips, self-control was legibly written. There was a glory on his face brightening in his later years, but it was the steady light of summer noon, not the sunshine of an April morning, glimmering through tears. There were no weak, soft places, about him; no domesticity, and scarcely, indeed, such tenderness as would lead the trembling and fearful to seek his counsel or sympathy. This man, who recognised the social intentions of the Gospel as none had done before him, must have failed, from his very idiosyncrasy, to create and promote it among his followers. He might have transplanted Moravian rigidity to British soil; he could not have induced Methodist love and freedom. To warm these new societies, and to send the pulses of an intense love and life throbbing through their most remote extremities, was the work of Charles Wesley. This was the mission of the Poet, himself an evangelist scarcely second to John. Preaching awakened sinners; the hymns edified believers and built up churches. In the hymns the message of life was ever bursting forth warm and fresh. In these the truths which set the land on fire, and were as a hammer breaking the rock in pieces, are mingled with something of the yearning of Him who came to seek and save the lost. These hymns embodied the poet's own experiences, and all the phases of the Christian life, and breathe forth the truths of the Word in language which touches the hearts of all men. Through them the influence of a high order of poetry is brought to bear upon a great part of the population of this country. Watts created a people's hymnal; Wesley created a people of hymn singers. The Wesleyan hymns are undoubtedly one of the most powerful agencies which scriptural truth has ever possessed, and are equally above sectarian praise and sectarian blame.

The preaching of the Wesleys passed

away, leaving its glorious fruits, but the hymns are imperishable — forming the character of the Methodist societies, shaping their creed, and tinging their sentiments. Without the hymns, Methodism would not be the living force it is among us, capable of transforming savage, uncultivated natures into loving, holy Christians. The place of worship may be nothing but "an upper room furnished," in one of our mining districts, the preacher insignificant, the smooched, rough appearance of the men on the one side auguring as ill for poetic or devotional enthusiasm, as the hard visages and tasteless attire of the women on the other; but no sooner is such a hymn as "Jesus, Lover of my soul" announced, than a burst of animated song arises, and the gleaming faces, the tearful eyes, and the trembling voices, tell that the tenderest emotions of the Divine life, and the poet's own deep meaning, are experienced by those who in times past knew no higher poetry than the coarse ballads which find favour among the uneducated. So in the Southern States of America, when the old bonds were loosed, and men expected that a carnival of blood would celebrate the occasion, the sweet notes of Wesley's hymns came up on the soft southern breezes, along with

"The long stern swell,  
Which bade the soldier close,"

and Wesley's triumphant strains were the true *Marselaise* of that marvellous revolution. It is certain that Wesley's tuneful prayers for patience, forgiveness, and likeness unto Christ, had so melted themselves into the African soul, as to make Christ's law of love supreme over the excitements and temptations of the hour.

The hymns of the Wesleys are the glorious liturgy of Methodism, — a liturgy which not only engages the feelings of the people, and gives tone and direction to the other and variable parts of the worship, but moulds the spirit, emphasizes truth, gives wings to prayer, and adds the joyous excitement of rhythm and music to the solemnity of worship. In the Methodist preaching-houses throughout the English-speaking world, heavy, ill-considered, or grotesque addresses may occasionally be heard, but this liturgy is ever present; and all round is breathed the influence of Charles Wesley's saintly spirit, linking every truth of the Gospel, and all heights and depths of Christian feeling, with lofty, pure, and intense poetic expression. So Methodism has been saved from becoming a religion of preaching, and remains a re-

ligion of devotion; and so, in Isaac Taylor's words, "Charles Wesley, richly gifted as he was with graces, genius, and talents, draws souls, thousands of souls, in his wake from Sunday to Sunday, and he so draws them onward from earth to heaven by the charms of his sacred verse. So, by music and poetry he is ever taming the roughness of unlettered minds, renovating worn-out spirits, bringing hearts benumbed by sordid cares and worldly prospects, into that bright atmosphere in which his own spirit dwelt, and winning everywhere a listening ear for the higher harmonies of heaven." It was for the founders of Meth-

odism to diverge so far from the staid, nonconforming type of Watts and Doddridge, as to show that the modern hymn was capable not only of paraphrasing Bible truths, but of uttering the most joyous as well as the most agonized feelings of the heart; to combine devout spiritual thought and personal experience with profound reverence and adoration, and so to bring the spirit of the old Hebrew poetry into harmony with the brighter songs of the new covenant, as to blend in one the voices of all who are by faith the children of faithful Abraham.

ISABELLA L. BIRD.

Part of an article in *The Spectator*, 5 Dec.  
THE INCOMING ADMINISTRATION.

At length we have got at the head of affairs in this country one of the noblest minds and largest hearts which have belonged to any English prime minister since English Prime Ministers were. We do not expect always to be satisfied with what he does, for Liberals cannot help criticizing, while Conservatives uniformly fall into a trance of admiration before their chief. But whether we criticize or approve what Mr. Gladstone does, we shall never doubt anything *but* its expediency. We shall never have to fear that his attitude towards Ireland will be adopted in deferences to the exigencies of a tottering administration, or that a great principle will be suddenly conceded while the House is dining, as a sort of after-dinner joke. The country may trust the incoming Administration,—may at least implicitly trust its chief,—for a Liberalism that will not be disfigured by the slightest taint of that jaunty indifference which Mr. Disraeli has anxiously copied from Lord Palmerston;—for a Liberalism that has its roots deep in sympathy for the whole people, British and Irish, and in respect for their divergencies of genius and gifts; for a Liberalism that will be grave, conscientious, and compassionate; for a Liberalism broad from equal esteem for the many sides of the popular character,—broad not through indifference to moral and religious distinctions, but through respect for them; for a Liberalism founded on the determination to be just to wishes and qualities we do not share, firmly resolved to make the political equality we have accepted as the basis of our Constitution a reality in other spheres beside the electoral, and, moreover anxious to crown measures of justice with measures of compassion, to sift to the bottom the administrative aggregations of pauperism, and so far as possible to attack them at the root. This is what we look for from Mr. Gladstone without any misgivings,—an Administration which its enemies may call puritanic, but which will be puritanic in the first instance in its steady resistance to the bigotry of Puritans,—an administration which its enemies will very pos-

sibly call rash, and possibly imperious, but which will be admitted by all to show its rashness and imperiousness,—if rash and imperious it should be,—not on behalf of dominant races or traditional privilege, but in opening a new life before the children of the despised Celts, and of the poor, the wretched, and the ignorant in our own kingdom. This is to be, we trust, a middle-class Government earnestly bent on extirpating the worst and rankest growths of the middle-class prejudice and selfishness of these latter days.

NATIONAL COURTESY.—Speaking broadly, and from the widest stand-point of national characteristics, we would say that the Italians, of all European nations, have most solid courtesy throughout; not a stately, but a good-tempered courtesy—by no means chivalrous in the way of the stronger protecting the weaker, and for self-respect keeping watch and ward over the fiercer enemies within the soul, but rather deferential as assuming that everyone is better than themselves. When an Italian does give way to passion he is dangerous; but when in good fair-sailing humour nothing can well exceed the almost feminine sweetness of his courteous demeanour. The French have a coarser core, that comes through the veneer on occasions when you touch their self-love or their jealousy; and the core of French discourtesy is very coarse indeed when really got at. We English have not a very fine veneer at any time, and the rougher grain below even that not over-polished surface rubs up without much trouble. But then we pride ourselves on this rough grain of ours, and think it a mark of honesty to let it ruffle up at the lightest touch. Indeed, we despise anything else, and have hard names for a courtesy that is even what the Americans call "clear grit" throughout; while as for that which is only veneer, stout or slender, there is no word of contempt too harsh for the expression of our opinion there-*anent*.

Dickens's "All the Year Round."

From The Saturday Review.

### VOLCANOES AND EARTHQUAKES.\*

NATURE has of late been calling attention, in her most emphatic accents, to the persistence and the intensity of her subterranean fires. What had come to be regarded as the exaggerations, if not the mythical inventions, of an age when science was yet unborn, have been forced upon us with a reality, and even a degree of dread, to which the most advanced science of our day has to lend an ear, half of curiosity, half of bewilderment. Those who are for ever agape for novelties and marvels, whether on the part of nature or of mankind, may find daily stimulants to sensation in so many villages overrun by the lava of Vesuvius, or so many scores of thousands swallowed up alive by the rending soil of Peru. Now we may expect the prophecy-monger to have it all his own way. What with earthquakes telegraphed every morning in divers places, and the palpable shaking of the stars of heaven witnessed to us in the reports of the November meteors, we ought surely to see Dr. Cumming bestir himself, if he would not have some junior aspirant to prophetic honours finally fix for him the date of the coming of the End. Meanwhile people of less imagination, or less impatient for the drawing of the veil of the future world, will give studious and careful heed to the grand, and in many respects mysterious, phenomena which are just now manifest in nature. Numbers will be interested in the causes which science is prepared to assign for these unusually stupendous displays of physical force. Falling in opportunely with this state of interest and expectancy in the public mind, the little work which Mrs. Norman Lockyer has just given us has a claim to favourable consideration. *Volcans et Tremblements de Terre* by MM. Zureher and Margollé, forms one volume of the well-chosen and agreeably-written series, the *Bibliothèque des Merveilles*, whereby Messrs. Hachette are wont to cater with judgment and success for the growing appetite of the public for a knowledge of nature's more striking phenomena. The clear and graphic illustrations in wood, by M. Riou, have been employed in the embellishment of the English version. As a popular summary of the more prominent facts and theories connected with this sublime branch of terrestrial physics, we cannot readily point to a publication which em-

bodies more systematically or expresses more clearly what readers beyond the pale of special or technical culture are likely to be desirous of knowing.

Without pretending to the depth or precision of a scientific treatise in the stricter sense, this little manual comprises a rapid historical survey of the principal recorded earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. The compilers have not indeed carried back their historical ken to the remote and often seemingly fabulous range of the Indian or Chinese chronicles. They have contented themselves with the nearer and safer ground of Greek and Roman antiquity. The frontispiece forms a vivid and speaking accompaniment to the well-known words in which the younger Pliny depicts the most memorable of all catastrophes of this kind. The list of eruptions from that fixed date is carried down almost to the margin of the striking series of outbreaks which just now keep scientific expectation on tenter-hooks. Upwards of a dozen eruptions of what may be termed the first class can thus be enumerated. Since that of A.D. 79, the most remarkable epochs were those of 204, 472, 512, 685, 993, 1036, 1136. After the violent one of 1136, Vesuvius remained inactive for nearly 500 years. At the opening of the seventeenth century the summit had the form of a large basin, which, according to the testimony of travellers, was covered with old oaks, chestnuts, and maple trees. In December, 1631, the volcano opened anew below the Atrio del Cavallo, the great depression which separates the crater from the Somma. A great portion of the mountain fell in, and the stream of lava sweeping away houses and villages ran into the sea near Portici. In 1685 and 1737 the cone underwent repeated changes of form. In 1797 the river of lava described by Sir W. Hamilton, 1,500 feet wide and 14 feet deep, flowed three miles and a half, and extended into the sea 600 feet. Humboldt in 1822 has described the tremendous falling in of the cone, which rose to a height of 218 yards above the floor of the crater, when for days the air for miles round was darkened by clouds of ashes and *lapilli*, and people walked about with lanterns as at Quito during the eruptions of Fichincha. In 1850 large blocks of granite were borne down the mountain side by the torrent of lava. Not having the original at hand, we are at a loss whether to charge upon the authors or the translator the amazing exaggeration of making the plateau formed by this stream "a kind of cyclopean rampart raised more than *five miles* above the plain where the torrent stopped." The authors

\* *Volcanoes and Earthquakes*. By MM. Zureher and Margollé. From the French, by Mrs. Norman Lockyer. With 62 Woodcuts by E. Riou. London: R. Bentley. 1868.

themselves have visited the mountain, and add their personal description to the scientific records persistently kept by Professor Palmieri for the greater part of the range of contemporary observation.

The destruction of life and property caused by Etna has never equalled that due to Vesuvius. Greater prudence, for one reason, has here been observed in pitching human habitations so near the mouth of danger. Considerable damage has, notwithstanding, been done to Catania and the neighbouring villages by the frequent eruptions which local history has to record. From the time of fierce activity noted by Virgil, the mountain seems to have taken some centuries of rest. But during the last eight centuries eruptions have been both frequent and severe. Dislocations have been thereby occasioned to such an extent, that at the present time no fewer than 200 secondary beds can be counted on the sides of the mountain. The principal cone rises 3,600 yards above the sea, its smoking summit enveloped in snow. The long and deep ravine on its eastern side reaching to the sea—the celebrated Val del Bove—is explained by Mr. Poulett Scrope as “a vast fissure enlarged into a crater by some paroxysmal eruption which blew out of the heart of the mountain, and since widened by the abrasive violence of aqueous *débâcles*, caused by the sudden melting of snows on the heights above by the fired lava and heated scoriæ.” One such flood in March, 1755, is said by Recupero to have run down at the rate of a mile and a half a minute for a distance of twelve miles. Its track, two miles in breadth, is even now strewn visibly to the depth of thirty or forty feet with sand and fragments of rock. Similar *débâcles* had obviously for centuries taken the same course. At the opening of the valley to the sea, near Giorre, is to be seen a vast alluvial formation more than 150 feet deep, measuring ten miles by three in area, and resembling an upraised line of beach, 400 feet above the sea. The crater of Etna was well described by Elie de Beaumont and Leopold von Buch in 1834. Traces may still be found of the violent eruption of March 1669, recorded in the *Philosophical Transactions* for that year from the testimony of eye-witnesses. A pillar of ashes went up into the sky, which, to their apprehension, “exceeded twice the bigness of Paul’s steeple in London.” The *sciarri*, or conglomerates of hard porous stone, like slag, were piled up to the top of the walls of Catania, 60 feet high, ten miles from the crater. There is still to be seen an arcade

of lava curling over the same walls in places “like a wave on the beach.” Turning fortunately aside from the city, and advancing towards the sea, the body of lava formed a perpendicular front, carrying before it huge blocks of granite, forming a vast causeway into the sea. In a few days, writes M. de Quatrefages, the lava had carried forward the line of the beach some 330 yards. The striking eruption of 1865 is well described in a letter from a French geologist, M. Fouqué, to M. Sainte-Claire Deville. The lava stream, which in two or three days had extended in length three miles, with a breadth of nearly half that extent, was parted by an ancient cone, one arm precipitating itself in a cascade of fire from a height of 50 yards. The incessant hammerings from the seven craters were vividly suggestive to the writer of the idea they gave the ancients—that of a forge in the centre of Etna, with the Cyclopes as workmen.

Our authors’ survey of the active volcanoes carries them round the globe, and includes the latest and most distant records of these tremendous phenomena. Equally complete and vivid is the catalogue of remarkable earthquakes, which are made, by the progress of scientific observation, naturally to connect themselves with the agency of volcanic forces. The subjects of thermal springs, of mud islands or emissions as well as of the singular oil or petroleum wells lately discovered in such wealth and extent, are discussed in their several bearings upon each other as well as upon the agency of subterranean fires in general. One of the most remarkable results of the combined and systematic observations brought to bear upon the phenomena of earthquakes relates to the extent and degree over which sonorous waves have been known to be propagated:—

The nature of the noise also differs greatly; sometimes it is rolling, and occasionally like the clanking of chains; in the city of Quito it has sometimes been abrupt, like thunder close at hand, and sometimes clear and ringing, as if obsidian or other vitrified masses clashed, or were shattered in subterranean cavities. As solid bodies are excellent conductors of sound, which is propagated, for example, in burnt clay with a velocity ten or twelve times greater than in air, the subterranean noise may be heard at great distances from the place where it has originated. In the Caracacs in the grassy plains of Calabozo, and on the banks of the Rio-Apure, which falls into the Orinoco, there was heard, over a district of 2,300 square (German) miles, a loud noise resembling thunder, unaccompanied by any shaking of the ground; whilst at a distance of 632 miles to the north-east, the crater of the volcano of St. Vincent, one of the small West

Indian Islands, was pouring forth a prodigious stream of lava. In point of distance, this was as if an eruption of Vesuvius should be heard in the north of France. In 1744, at the great eruption of Cotopaxi, subterranean noises, as of cannon, were heard at Honda near the Magdalena river. Not only is the crater of Cotopaxi about 18,100 English feet higher than the Honda, but these two points are separated from each other by a distance of 436 miles, and by the colossal mountain masses of Quito, Pasto, and Popayan, as well as by countless valleys and ravines. The sound was clearly not propagated through the air but through the earth, and at a great depth. During the violent earthquake in New Granada, in February 1835, subterranean thunder was heard at Popayan, Bogota, Santa Martha, and Caracas (when it lasted seven hours without any movement of the ground), and also in Hayti, in Jamaica, and near the lake of Nicaragua.

The evidences of volcanic action in the moon have since the time of Laplace had a lively interest for the minds of astronomers. There is, we need scarcely say, no longer any idea of the aerolites which from time to time fall upon our globe being projected from volcanoes in our satellite, or even of the luminous spots or bands visible upon the lunar surface being proofs of a chronic state of volcanic action. That changes to some extent, however, take place in the moon's substance seems placed beyond doubt by the subsidence of a marked crater within the last twelve months, as well as by the modifications which have made themselves evident in the lunar maps drawn up at definite intervals. The chapter on this subject forms one of the best in the volume before us. What distinguishes the lunar volcanoes in general from our own is their enormous size. The diameter of Clavius is not less than 140 miles. Eight other craters come between 69 and 113 miles, and no less than twelve have an average of 55 miles. In other respects a strong analogy can be traced between the aspect of these volcanic areas and extinct systems of the like kind in many parts of our globe. The mountains of Bohemia, as well as those of Auvergne, have been instanced as presenting a configuration closely analogous in plan to ranges of the lunar elevations. The luminous bands which distinguish the latter are ascribed by Maedler to gaseous streams, which have vitrified a portion of the surface, and disposed themselves in rays round many of the mountain peaks. Experiments have been made with the result of artificially producing much of the process by which nature may be conceived to have worked these singular effects:—

An English astronomer, Mr. Hooke, obtained an artificial imitation of the lunar cavities by heating calcaireous mud until the steam, in the form of great bubbles, forced its way through the surface. In our terrestrial volcanoes, the upper stratum of matter in fusion sometimes rises by the elasticity of the subterranean gases, as far as the edges of the crater, but the dome sinks as soon as the gases have made a passage. It is known that there exists in America great extents of land which are hollow underneath, and which are in fact real bubbles. If we wish to compare the lunar surface with that of our globe, we must in imagination suppress the sedimentary earth and the seas which cover the latter. Many circles, now filled up, would then appear. In Auvergne there are some very large, which are still entirely sunken, although the granite which forms them is mixed up and disappears in a great number of points under thick beds of vegetable earth. The one seen in the island of Ceylon is 43 miles in diameter. In Oceania several madrepore islands appear to be supported on similar circles. "We can then figure to ourselves," as remarked by Humboldt, "our satellite nearly like what our earth was in its primitive state, before it was covered with sedimentary beds rich in shells, gravel and diluvium, due to the action of the tides and streams. Scarcely can we admit that there exist in the moon beds of conglomerates, and of detritus formed by friction."

It is not often that we find justice done in foreign works of science to the labours of our own countrymen, and the book before us is by no means an exception to the rule. Nothing is indeed gained by this ignorance or neglect of British science. In no part of the world is the theory of volcanic action in a more advanced or positive position than in this country. For a general view of the subject no foreign work can be consulted in preference to Sir Charles Lyell's recent chapters. Of the two main hypotheses, the "chemical" one first broached by Davy has been worked with much industry and skill by Dr. Daubeny, while what may be called the "Mechanical" owes its chief development and proof to Mr. Mallet. There is of course no need for these theories being taken as absolutely excluding one another. The laws of the mechanical forces, due immediately to the agency of heat, are in fact but subsidiary in turn to those ulterior considerations which relate to that chemical action of the elements in nature's laboratory which results in fusion and volcanic force. The writers before us have abstained from going deeply into the theoretic portion of this inquiry, though they intimate a general acquiescence in the chemical hypothesis as it has been developed of late in the able hands of M. Sainte-Claire

Déville. Their work, as we have said, is not one which aims at supplying the world of science with new or advanced ideas. Still, as a manual for popular use, it contains much that readers of the ordinary class will find both novel and interesting.

From The London Review.

#### AUDUBON'S LIFE.\*

Most people whose youth has been passed in the country have a taste for natural history. As boys, they made collections of birds' eggs; or, as girls, they hunted butterflies along the sunny hedgerows. To the end of their days they will remember the excitement and elation which attended the capture of a rare specimen, and the calm joy of the winter evenings spent in arranging and classifying the summer spoils. To these the life of Audubon will have a great interest, although there is less of his experience as a collector than we could have wished. Audubon's grandfather was a poor fisherman at Sable d'Olonne, in La Vendée—Audubon's father being his twentieth child. As may be imagined, the father had to make his own way in the world, and at twelve years of age, being provided with a shirt, a dress of warm clothing, and the old man's blessing, he set out to seek his fortune. A very successful man the father seems to have been; accumulating property by a life of restless adventure, he at last returned to France and retired to an estate he had purchased on the Loire. Audubon himself was born in Louisiana, and his early recollections of American life, together with the adventurous spirit which he inherited from his father, controlled the whole of his future career. As a boy, he neglected his studies for birdnesting, and, as a youth, mathematics were given up to make a collection of sketches of French birds, until his father, in despair, sent him to America to look after an estate at Millgrove on the Perkiominy Creek. Here he had an opportunity of indulging his tastes, and it was here that the first idea of his great work on American Ornithology was formed. Here, too, he married. After his marriage he tried his hand at trade, and seems to have kept a wandering store. All his commercial adventures, however, failed—probably because he was usually hunting in the forest when he ought to have been attending to

his business, until he was driven to his pencil and to portrait-painting for his daily bread. During this time he was busily engaged making his collections and drawings of American birds, his wife supporting herself and their children by her own exertions. Audubon at last turned dancing-master, and he thus narrates the experiences of his first evening's lesson:—

“‘I went to begin my duties, dressed myself at the hotel, and with my fiddle under my arm entered the ball-room. I found my music highly appreciated, and immediately commenced proceedings. I placed all the gentlemen in a line reaching across the hall, thinking to give the young ladies time to compose themselves and get ready when they were called. How I toiled before I could get one graceful step or motion! I broke my bow and nearly my violin in my excitement and impatience! The gentlemen were soon fatigued. The ladies were next placed in the same order, and made to walk the steps; and then came the trial for both parties to proceed at the same time, while I pushed one here and another there, and was all the while singing myself, to assist their movements. Many of the parents were present, and were delighted. After this first lesson was over, I was requested to *dance to my own music*, which I did until the whole room came down in thunders of applause in clapping of hands and shouting, which put an end to my first lesson and to an amusing comedy.’”

With 2,000 dollars, the result of the dancing lessons, and with his wife's savings, he started for England to obtain subscribers for his intended book.

Arrived at Liverpool, Audubon opened an exhibition of his drawings, charging 1s. admission, and was tolerably successful. Thence he went to Manchester, where his exhibition did not draw, and thence to Edinburgh. He makes the following observations on the country and the people of Scotland:—

“‘Was struck with the bleak appearance of the country. The Scottish Shepherds looked like the poor mean whites of the Slave-states. The coachmen have a mean practice of asking money from the passengers after every stage. . . The lower class of women (fishwives) resemble the squaws of the West. Their rolling gait, inturned toes, and manner of carrying burdens on their backs, is exactly that of the Shawnee women. Their complexions are either fair, purple, or brown as a mulatto.’”

The account of Audubon's struggles in England is the most interesting part of the book. He tells how he painted all day and walked about the streets in the evening disposing of his pictures at the various shops for any price the dealers would give

\* The Life and adventures of John James Audubon, the Naturalist. Edited, from Materials supplied by his Widow, by Robert Buchanan. London: Sampson Low & Co.

for them, employing every penny he could save to meet the expenses of the engravers and colourers. At one time he had borrowed £5 for materials for the pictures, when the engraver called to say he must have £60 the next Saturday. Fortune favoured Audubon, for Sir Thomas Lawrence sold several pictures for him, and so he says he passed the Rubicon. From England Audubon went to Paris, and was introduced to Baron Cuvier. The following description of the Baron is characteristic of a naturalist:—

“I looked at him, and here follows the result:—Age, about sixty-five,—size, corpulent, five feet and five, English measure; head large, face wrinkled and brownish; eyes, very brilliant and sparkling; nose, aquiline, large, and red; mouth, large, with good lips; teeth, few, and blunted by age, excepting one on the lower jaw, which was massive, measuring nearly three-quarters of an inch square.”

In England Audubon was very successful in obtaining subscribers. In France he was less so; but with indomitable energy and perseverance he worked until success was assured, when he started to return to America for more specimens. He appears to have remarked repeatedly in his journals on the inhumanity and folly of the wholesale destruction of sea-birds and their eggs in America. We, in this country, are not free from gangs of ruffians who think it sport to visit the breeding-places of the sea-fowl and shoot the old birds, leaving unnumbered newly-hatched young ones to starve. During the breeding-season, all birds are comparatively tame, and seem in a great degree to lose their fear of man. This is, of course, the time most suited to silly Cockneys, who would have no chance of hitting a wild bird on the wing. Of the rest of Audubon's life there is little to be said. He died in 1851, his mind having failed him for many years before his death.

The present volume has been prepared by Mr. Buchanan for the press from a manuscript of great length. Doubtless, a judicious pruning was necessary, but we should have been glad to have seen more of Audubon's disappointments and successes as a hunter and a collector than is given to us here.

From The Spectator.

#### A LIFE OF KING LEOPOLD.\*

THIS book will be of great value to the future historian, and will interest politicians

even now, but for the general reader it lacks alike completeness and literary spirit. M. Théodore Juste has obtained many documents from the Belgian Court, but the papers have been selected with a trifle too much care, and his own work is at once stilted in tone and meagre in substance. Unimportant details, such as the names of places where the King slept, are given in profusion, while valuable matter, such, for instance, as the King's opinion on the events of 1848, is carefully omitted. It was of course impossible that the special value of King Leopold to Europe, his position as the confidential adviser of Sovereigns, could be brought out till those with whom he corresponded had passed from the scene, but the needful reticence almost destroys the value of so fragmentary a biography. It is as the calm observer who heard everything, discerned everything, and commented on everything from a singularly separate point of view that King Leopold is interesting to Europe outside Belgium; and of these comments we get in this biography very few. There is scarcely a letter to a crowned head which is not purely formal, and hardly a comment on any event not directly interesting to Belgium. Even the letters inserted have, we suspect, been edited with the most anxious care lest anything should appear in them calculated to embarrass the present Government, and one reason at least for this care seems to us visible on the face of them. Leopold, we suspect, though we cannot clearly prove, never cordially liked the task which had fallen to him in the world, the secret government through constitutional forms of a minute and not very obedient State. His letters, such of them as are published, have an air almost of fretfulness, both with his throne and his people. He always complained that the constitution left him too little power, while throwing on him all real responsibility, and regarded the Belgians as people who did not thoroughly understand politics. He considered that the very life of his kingdom depended on successful external diplomacy, which no one could manage but himself; he evidently thought the best guarantee for Belgium was the friendship of France, which he secured, as he considered, by a marriage with a Princess of Orleans; but which might at any time give way; and he dreaded *any* war, no matter where, lest it should end in the partition of Belgium, which from first to last appears to have been with him an ever present fear. It was to avoid even a possibility of danger that he passed a new extradition law, and assured Louis Napoleon that refu-

\* *Life of King Leopold.* By Théodore Juste. Translated by E. Black. London: Sampson Low.

gees should not be allowed to attack him from Belgium, that her institutions were "for home consumption." The size and condition of the Army were with him cardinal points, and he was curiously impatient of anything approaching defiance in the tone of his Chambers towards other countries. In 1833, he writes to Louis Philippe that the "Chamber has been at its usual fooleries," and in 1844 sends this letter to General Goblet, his most trusted Envoy; (all italics, &c., are his own):—

"February 27, 1844.

"... Constitutional government, especially in a small country, takes a great deal of time, and causes sight to be lost of the questions which alone can secure to the country a political future. I have many a time believed that I saw you feeling more and more interest therein, and I am very anxious that it should be so, for it is time to be seriously occupied with those questions; otherwise Belgium will find herself at the tail of all other nations."

In 1845 he seems to have been perfectly tired out, and writes to his Minister of Foreign Affairs:—

"The manufacture of woollen fabrics having only a market in the interior cannot be compared with the other manufacturer in point of importance and profit. Parliamentary considerations deserve the greatest attention; but to have Chambers, it is necessary first to have a country, and I ask how and *wherewith* to fill the void which the cessation of the Convention would produce. The evil would be so much the greater as the country has on all these questions a way of being perfectly *childish*, submitting to no sort of privation. The Government has on this head ample experience; and as for its liberty of action, or its hope of finding the country disposed to make any sacrifice whatever to reach an object, even with no remote probability, they would be the cruellest deceptions, for it would get nothing but the bitterest reproaches by way of recompense."

And in December of the same year:—

"In Belgium, people are a little spoiled; they consider they ought always to obtain the very best conditions; I have from this point of view spoiled the country, by obtaining for it, fifteen years ago, things which by itself alone it had not the slightest chance of getting. This habit becomes quite injurious when the Chamber shows it, and, I must repeat, it is necessary to make those gentry understand that, when in a matter of transaction the footing is one of reciprocity, the fact must be recognized."

In 1846 he speaks even more distinctly to M. Nothomb, his Minister at Berlin:—

"What is to seek for this country is a more robust national feeling, which exists among the

people, but is feeble and fragmentary (*und getheilt*) among the higher classes. A large proportion of what remains to us of the nobility is very patriotic. Sound judgment also is not our brilliant quality. Incessantly one has to ask how such consequences could possibly be deduced from given premises. Hitherto royalty has been the rock on which the political existence of the country has exclusively rested; after fifteen years many folks have not yet arrived at a notion of that. Perhaps royalty makes too little parade of its work; on the other hand, the work is so much the more solid. . . ."

It is wholly in accordance with this view that in 1848 Leopold told his people that if they wanted a Republic they could have one, but must express the want in a constitutional way, and that in the evening of life he regretted his refusal of the Grecian throne. He should, he is reported to have said, have been Emperor of Constantinople. He performed his duties as King admirably, but he was by nature a diplomatist, a cosmopolitan more interested in Europe than in Belgium, and he tired of the somewhat petty part he had to play, in a kingdom which seemed always to him less stable than to any one else. It is remarkable that the great Prussian Baron Stein considered the one vice of Leopold's character to be a kind of moral or rather political pusillanimity, and if we do not mistake M. Théodore Juste, he also is inclined to deem him somewhat over-cautious. Our readers will not forget Charlotte Brontë's powerful description of him as the most weary-looking man she had ever seen, and resigned weariness is the dominant expression in the very beautiful portrait perfix to this volume. He was a Coburg, it must be remembered; had an extremely high notion of himself as statesman, as diplomatist, and, curiously enough, as soldier; and had once seen clear before him the prospect of guiding the destinies of Great Britain. All this contributed to the melancholy which of late years was his most marked characteristic, a melancholy which had its root, we cannot but suspect, in ungratified ambition. If this view is correct, the barrenness of these letters is accounted for, as the revelation of such a feeling might have diminished Belgian regard for his family; but they are meagre in other respects, and their meagreness is the more remarkable because the King had seen and judged almost every statesman in Europe, and is believed to have owed much of the success he achieved to his acuteness in estimating individual character. Very little of this acuteness is visible in this work, which is, in fact, not a life of Leopold, but a collection of the few facts and documents which

his family deem it as yet prudent to publish to the world.

\*We must add a letter which has been published before, but which many readers have forgotten, and which has just now a new interest:—

QUEEN VICTORIA TO QUEEN MARY AMELIA.

“Osborne, September 10, 1846.

“MADAM, — I have just received your Majesty's letter of the 8th inst., and I hasten to thank you for it. You will remember, perhaps, what passed at Eu between the King and me. You know the importance I have ever attached to the maintenance of our cordial understanding, and the zeal with which I have laboured for it. You have heard, without doubt, that we refused to further the marriage between the Queen of Spain and our cousin Leopold (which the two queens [Queens Christina and Isabella] had earnestly desired), with the sole aim of not holding aloof from a course which would be more agreeable to the King although we could not consider that course the best. You can easily understand then, that the sudden announcement of this *double marriage* could not but cause us surprise and very lively regret. I ask pardon, madam, for addressing you on politics at this juncture, but I like to be able to tell myself that I have ever been sincere with you. Begging you to present my respects to the King, I am, Madam, your Majesty's wholly devoted sister and friend.

“VICTORIA R.”

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

#### BILLIARDS.

It seems strange that in the case of a game at once so fascinating and so popular as billiards, so little should be known of its origin and history, even among those who make it the occupation of their lives. We have, it is true, many books which teach the principles and practice of the game, written by men who have wielded the cue with especial skill; but these works, while initiating the learner into the mysteries of difficult cannons and side-strokes, only contain vague generalities as to the early history of billiards, the writers being profoundly ignorant of whatever cannot be brought to bear upon making long “breaks.” Professional billiard-players, indeed, are not remarkable for any great intelligence beyond that required to play the game well, although it demands a considerable amount of brainwork as well as manual dexterity. We find the greatest masters of the cue content to remain in blissful ignorance of all that is interesting in the history of the game in which they so eminently distinguish themselves. Nor do amateurs help us to

any more knowledge of the history of billiards, although many admirers of the game have written upon it: and indeed the criticism of the *Monthly Review* upon a book written by an amateur in 1801 will apply to every work upon billiards, written before or since. “The history of the game,” says the reviewer, “is very brief and insignificant.” Very brief must any history of the game be, for in truth there is not much to tell; billiards, as we now play it, having been gradually developed from a much ruder game of obscure origin. Yet some notes on this development will hardly be considered insignificant, especially by those who have felt the fascination of the ivory balls and the seductive green table, and heard the musical sound of the final winning hazard in a hard-fought pool.

Billiards is said to have been invented by a French artist, Henrique De Vigne, in the reign of Charles IX. — that is, about 1560—74. Its origin has also been attributed to Italy. It is perfectly clear from the Elizabethan writers that a game called billiards was well-known to them, and we in England must have either learned it very quickly from our neighbours on the other side of the Channel, or some game analogous to it must have been in vogue here at the time it is said to have been discovered in France. Spencer in “Mother Hubbard's Tale” has the lines —

With dice, with cards, with billiards much unfit,  
And shuttlecocks misseeming manly wit.

Ben Jonson, in “A Celebration of Charis,” says —

Even nose and cheek withal  
Smooth as is the billiard ball.

Cleopatra's invitation to Charmian, “Let's to Billiards,” is familiar to every one, and we have also mention made of the game by Locke, Burton, in the “Anatomy of Melancholy,” and Boyle. Misson, in his travels in England, also speaks of it, and Gayton in his “Notes to Don Quixote” (1654) speaks of billiards as one of the attractions of the taverns of that day. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* finds a table mentioned in a payment made in the reign of James I.

With regard to the invention of billiards, it is probable that, as Strutt suggests, it originated in an ancient game played with balls on the ground, and was, at first, the same game transferred to a table. Most of the words used in the game are certainly of French origin, and it was most likely first brought to perfection in France. The old

ground-billiards survives in troco or lawn-billiards, and has developed of late years into the fashionable game of croquet; for in the very earliest times the players drove a ball through a hoop and round a peg or cone fixed into the earth. This hoop or "pass," together with the pin, was at first transferred to the billiard-table, but soon discarded. Evelyn, writing in 1679, speaks of a table he saw at the Portuguese Ambassador's which had this pass and a pin, and moreover had more hazards, *i. e.* pockets, than the tables then in general use. He says that the balls were struck "with the small end of the billiard-stick, which is shod with brass or silver." The "small end" of the stick would seem strange to him because for many years the mace, now only used by ladies at bagatelle, was the only instrument in vogue in England. The cue was certainly of continental origin, and very curious some of the early cues must have been, for they were cut obliquely in various ways, one of this kind being called a "Jeffry," possibly from the name of the inventor. Leather-tipped cues did not come into use until far later, about the beginning of the present century, according to Mr. Kentfield. The use of the mace of course necessitated a very different style of play from that customary now, and the technical terms employed in the game in old days will best explain it. Players then spoke of "the stroke," "the sweep," "the long stroke," and "the dead trail," or "turn up."

Old billiard tables were made of different shapes, some square, some oval, and they had ordinarily far fewer pockets than the tables we use now; while, in some cases, they had no pockets like the present French tables. One of the earliest games was a curious and complicated one called the Fortification Game. The table was crowded with "passes," "advanced forts," "reserved forts," "grand fort," and "batteries." "The combatants by custom," says one writer, "are those ancient or 'natural' enemies the French and English." The game spoken of above, with a cone and arch, is called by most writers a French game, and there was also another variety called "Truck," which was supposed to have originated in Italy.

Slate tables, now almost universal, were introduced about 1827, and vulcanized india-rubber cushions have entirely superseded the old ones stuffed with list, although some old-fashioned players still express a preference for the latter kind of cushion, affirming that the ball takes a truer angle from it. Tables are also made of iron, but they are not very popular. The greatest

care is in these days bestowed by the chief makers upon all the appliances needed in billiards, especially upon the manufacture of the balls. Billiard balls must not only be of the same size, but of the same specific gravity and density as each other, or they will not run true. A good plan for detecting any defect in them is to place a suspected ball, marked with a small spot on any part of its circumference, on the surface of a vase of water, with the spot exactly uppermost. It will descend through the lesser density of the water in exactly the same position, that is to say, with the mark still uppermost.

One of the most curious little books ever written on billiards is that referred to in the early part of this article as having fallen under the lash of the *Monthly Review*. It is entitled "Instructions for playing in all its varieties the game of Billiards with ease and propriety," by an Amateur, and was published in 1801. "Amateur," however, in his preface, makes the following sage remark, which is true of the present day as well as of the time in which he wrote. He calls billiards "a favourite diversion in many parts of England, particularly with persons of the first rank;" but he goes on to say that "it has been in a great measure prostituted by the designing and vulgar sort of people." There is prefixed to the book some account of a celebrated billiard player, Mr. Andrews, which is rather amusing. This gentleman was almost invincible in his day, and "Amateur" tells us that no one could beat him but Abraham Carter, who had tables under the piazzas, Russell-street, Covent-garden. And no wonder, for this is what we are told of Mr. Andrews, who seems to have had a mania for billiards: "He devoted himself," says "Amateur," "entirely to the blind goddess, and worshipped her incessantly under the form of two ivory balls. . . . His face was a perfect vacuum with respect to every possible idea except billiards. . . . He seemed but to vegetate in a billiard room, and indeed he did little more in any other place." After this description of Mr. Andrews we are a little disappointed to find that, as "Amateur" euphemistically puts it, he played with "latent finesse"—that is to say, was a bit of a "leg" and lost shillings in order to win half-crowns. He dieted himself carefully in order to play his beloved game the better, but after various changes of luck he retired into the country upon a very small income, and died. The *Monthly Review* corrects "Amateur's" statement that in 1801 the mace was in more general use than the cue, affirming the

opposite to be the case. Probably, however, the point and the butt end were used indiscriminately, for all old cues had the butts flattened and covered with leather as well as the tips.

It will seem almost incredible to some players of the present day that there was ever a time when the "side-stroke" was unknown. For the benefit of non-playing readers it may be explained that the side-stroke is the striking of the ball on one side or other of the centre, making it rebound from a cushion or another ball, at a more or less acute angle than would have been the case had it been struck in the usual way. A ball struck in the centre rebounds from a cushion at an angle equal to the angle of incidence, but the angle of reflection may be infinitely varied by the use of side. The side-stroke nowadays is almost too popular, especially among young players, who are apt to use it when simpler methods of play would serve their purpose better. But let any billiard player try to imagine what the game was without side, or "wing," or "gaze," as it has been called; the dark ages of billiards indeed must those benighted times have been. Of course balls must have rebounded from the cushions at all sorts of curious and perplexing angles, for they must have often been accidentally struck on the side. But these vagaries were attributed to defects in the cushions and not to inaccuracies in the play. The side-stroke is supposed to have been discovered by a Mr. Bartley, who had billiard rooms in Bath about the year 1810. He was playing with his marker, a man named Carr, and endeavouring to drive a ball played from within baulk on to one placed in the centre of the table into a side pocket without bringing the object-ball into baulk. This, a very easy stroke when your own ball is struck on the side, must have been much harder without the twist. Mr. Bartley beat his marker by the use of the side, and then showed him how to perform the same feat. And, marker-like, Carr very soon turned his newly acquired knowledge to account, for when the neighbouring billiard players flocked into Bath to see this new and wonderful stroke, smart Mr. Carr sold them "twisting chalk" in small boxes at half-a-crown apiece. The side-stroke has by modern players been brought to a pitch of perfection that is almost miraculous. The "screw," or drawing back the ball by reversing the axis of rotation, as boys do hoops, and making it return beyond the place from which it was originally struck, is a further and still more curious development of the side-stroke; while the combination of screw and

side will in the hands of a skilful player make the balls seem almost endowed with volition. The popular trick of making a ball run up the table, go round a hat placed upon it, and return to baulk without touching a cushion, is an instance of what can be done by twist.

While speaking of the side-stroke, we may advert here, for the sake of those of our readers who are billiard players, to a curious mistake which occurs in most modern books on billiards. It is laid down as an axiom that "side" cannot in any case be communicated to the object-ball—that is to say, that, although side may be made to take effect upon a ball struck directly by the cue, one ball will not put side upon another. This is a great mistake. Side can be put upon the object-ball, but it can have no effect until after the impact of that ball upon another ball or upon the cushion. A side-stroke or twist made directly by the cue will, as in the case of a ball going round a hat, take effect, although the ball played upon should touch nothing whatever in its course. But side produced by one ball striking upon another can only have effect after the ball played upon has struck a ball or cushion (as we have said), the ball going on in a straight line, as if with no side at all, until the side is developed by the impact. Side can also be communicated in a very curious way when two balls are touching each other, but are not quite a "plant," i. e. in a direct line for a pocket. If in such a case the object ball be struck on the side (hitting your own ball, of course, in the centre), a sidelong motion will be found to be communicated to the third ball which will land it in the pocket. It is impossible to explain this clearly without a diagram, but any player can work out the stroke for himself upon a table.

It is not necessary to speak here of the different varieties of games played upon billiard tables, or of their rules; they will be found in any manual on the subject. We may remark, however, that the American game, with four balls, is hardly so popular as it deserves to be in this country; and the amateur will find that practice at it will much improve his pool playing. Cramp strokes, or difficult feats with the balls in uncommon positions, must also be left to the teaching of some intelligent marker. There are many honest fellows to be found both in London and in the country who can do tricks with the balls that will surprise a beginner. Nor need we, we imagine, caution any gentleman against being "legged" or cheated at billiards. Some writers on the game are eloquent on this subject, warning

the novice against certain classes of men and certain kinds of bets, as if billiards must necessarily be played for money with every casual "loafer" who frequents public rooms. Like many other amusements, the game has to a certain extent lost caste of late years by being made so much the medium of gambling.

It is easy to name the greatest billiard player in the kingdom, for the game boasts of one man who is *facile princeps*, clearly king of the cue — Mr. John Roberts. Before his skill all other players, whether amateurs or professionals, have to acknowledge themselves defeated; and although there are some brilliant players among the younger professionals, and we may expect great things from the rising talent, up to the present time Mr. Roberts stands unrivalled as the champion. Mr. Edwin Kentfield, of Brighton, better known as "Jonathan," was for a long time considered to be the best player in the kingdom, but he has never dared to play a match with Roberts; and, except in the opinion of a few ardent partisans, there can be no doubt that he would be thoroughly beaten. The French champion is M. Berger, whose feats with the cue are very astonishing, and whose power of making cannons upon the small French tables is apparently illimitable. The largest "break" or continued score on record is one of 346, accomplished by Roberts, in which he made no less than 104 of his famous "spot strokes," or lodging the red into the top corner pockets. Large breaks have been made at the American game, but it is far easier than our English one.

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From The Pall Mall Gazette, 28 Nov.

## PUBLIC OPINION IN GERMANY.

WE have been favoured with the following sketch of public opinion in Germany by an English gentleman who has lately visited different parts of it, and had good opportunities of ascertaining the views of all classes —

This is not the age of political credulity. Pacific assurances from the mouths of monarchs and in the speeches of statesmen seem to make no impression on the world at large, or the Germans in particular. Harangues and dissertations on the evils which war entails are met by a pointed reference to the undeniable fact that the great European Powers are at present virtually under arms. In South as well as in North Germany one opinion pervades all classes of the respective communities, that so long as Imperialism exists in France there can

be no permanent peace. The Germans of note, who are not under the necessity of having the word "peace" on their lips with "war" in their hearts, lay down two theories with respect to the present condition of France — 1, Revolution within; 2, War without. The latter alternative is to prevent the accomplishment of the former. It is important to mention that, whether you talk with Prussians, Saxons, Swabians, Bavarians, Austrians, or with any of the natives of the small States, nothing is heard of a personal animosity against France or Frenchmen. It is all the Emperor of the French. He alone is regarded as responsible for the unsettled condition of European affairs, and the only obstacle to the general pacification. That the Germans generally desire peace, and are not in any way disposed to provoke war, may readily be believed, but they think that the internal state of France must sooner or later drive the Emperor to divert attention from home affairs by a war abroad. The Spanish revolution is dwelt upon as having postponed the evil day, and there are shrewd Prussian politicians who hope that if a republic be established by the present rulers, the French Emperor may be tempted to imitate the march of the Duc d'Angoulême through Spain. The influence of the Empress of the French would be at the service of a movement in her country to restore royalty and priestcraft. It is added that the Emperor himself, formerly lax in his religious notions, is becoming a *déot*, even to the extent of Ultramontanism, and that he would gladly avoid the Rhine to make a stand on the Ebro, with a view to a future river boundary for France, absorbing the chain of mountains and realizing the "*Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées.*"

The publication of the three maps excites the ridicule of the Germans, who, to do them justice, indulge in no bravado in discussing the probabilities of a conflict with the Emperor's army. The partisans of German unity declare that if the victory fall to their lot, peace must be made in Paris, but it is not the Emperor who will sign the treaty.

As to German unity, it must not be supposed that the expansion of Prussia gives universal satisfaction. In Frankfurt and elsewhere there are people who would fain get rid of Prussian rule. In Cassel the Prussians are much disliked, although the population was so often in revolt in the Electorate days. Again, in Hanover there is a strong feeling in favour of the deposed king. But there is nothing lasting in these manifestations; they emanate mostly from

the old and middle-aged. Young Germany is too much in the ascendant to be alarmed at them. If Prussia were but to hold up her finger now, she could acquire Saxony, Wurttemberg, Baden, and Bavaria. Even among the Austrian Germans, those who are for German unity are numerically increasing day by day. If the King of Prussia will only carry out with firmness and impartiality his declared policy of decentralization, he has a bright future before him. But will he do so? Will he allow the local and municipal customs and institutions to have full scope? Doubt is expressed upon these points. Prussian patronage predominates. Officials are appointed who have little sympathy with, or even knowledge of, the people over whom they are placed. For all this the unification of Germany will not the less be accomplished. Some ingenious politicians are mapping Europe in a very different manner from the notions entertained in England. For instance, the Russian occupation of Constantinople is strongly disavowed. Rus-

sia is now occupied with her railways and tramways, and until her internal communications are completed she will be in no hurry to extend her frontiers. But when the anticipated collapse of Austria comes the Hungarians will have to be on their guard lest Russia should absorb them. As for Constantinople, Russians of note would gladly see the Greeks in occupation thereof, whilst an independent empire may be created in the Danubian Principalities. The maps of the Emperor of the French have provoked ideas dreamy enough at present, but in these days who can say what is impossible? As for Austria's paper army of 800,000 men, Baron Beust knows that on the field of battle they are as little to be relied upon as the Saxons at Leipsic or the Belgians at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. The moral of the general talk through Germany is that it is utter folly to indulge in optimistic expectations of a duration of peace, and that it is better to be prepared for the contingency of war.

### THE SNOW BIRD.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

WHERE doth the Snow Bird sleep?

The stormy Winter's night comes on apace,  
Thick falls the snow—knows it a sheltered place  
Where it can snugly creep,  
And, safe and warm, its dusky pinions fold?  
Where *doth* He hide His Snow Birds from the cold?

All day the dark-winged flock  
About my window, hopping, chirping, come,  
Asking of Tynlu a seed, a crumb  
From his abundant stock.  
The yellow, pampered captive from the Isles,  
Where summer with perpetual verdure smiles,  
Welcomes these wanderers through the Winter's storm,  
And fain would share with him his shelter warm.  
With small, faint song,  
With twitter, and with low and pleasant hum,  
Hungry and bold, nimble and brave, they come,  
Swept with the snow along.  
They frolic in the snow—  
They dance with the white flakes,  
And every small foot makes  
In the pure covering its tiny track;  
While stars and spangles deck each little back—  
They frolic in the snow

That falls so thickly round,  
O'er all the frozen ground;  
But do the gay ones know  
What they this freezing night may hide away,  
And all securely until morning stay?  
Close to the glass they creep:  
In at the panes they peep,  
Holding strange Masonry with Tynlu;  
And their enticing ways,  
And all their antic plays,  
Are full in the lone captive's charmed view.  
They see the shadows fall,  
And to each other call,  
And Tynlu replies and tries to go  
Out to the hardy brood,  
With whom he shares his food,  
The little dusky elves that haunt the snow.  
Eagerly but in vain  
He smites the window pane—  
Oh! foolish little Bird, where wouldst thou fly?  
Thy nest is soft and warm,  
Nought shall my Birdie harm,  
But out in the cold snow he soon would die.  
Where do the Snow Birds sleep?  
Where doth He safely keep  
His hardy, happy little winter sprites?  
I know their haunts by day—  
But see—they haste away—  
Where does He shelter them these stormy nights?